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ΑΚΡΟΓΩΝΙΑ

ΣΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ.



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For the library
of the Sudan Mission
with the report
of the visit



~~869~~



Y O U T H,

OR

S C E N E S F R O M T H E P A S T;

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

B Y W I L L I A M P L U M E R, J R.

Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass. SHAKSPEARE.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

M D C C C X L I.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1841, by
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P R E F A C E.

THE poems arranged, in this volume, under the title of **YOUTH, OR SCENES FROM THE PAST**, are so far connected with each other, that they all relate, more or less directly, to thoughts, feelings, or events, personal to the author. His aim has been to make each sonnet, or short poem, complete in itself; yet so to construct the whole that, when combined, they should fall naturally into one connected series. This series, if finished according to the original design, would form three separate Parts; corresponding to the natural division of human life into Youth, Manhood, and Age. The first Part only,—which traces the development of the mental and bodily powers, in the studies and amusements of Youth,—is here presented to the reader. It is complete in itself, and has no necessary connexion with the two remaining Parts.

In giving this attempt to delineate life and character so much of a personal application, the author has been influenced, in part, at least, by a distrust of his ability to treat the subject in a more comprehensive manner. It seemed to him that he could best describe what he most deeply felt. His subject being Life,—the life of man,—he has endeavoured, instead of treating it in the abstract, to exhibit what appeared to him most likely to interest the general reader, in a single life; and that life, the one with which he was himself best acquainted. This explanation will, it is hoped, free him from the charge of egotism, to which he might otherwise be exposed, by showing that the work took the form of personal narrative, so far as that form is adopted, under the influence of feelings the reverse of vanity or presumption. If it abounds in individual traits and local allusions, it is because the author felt himself most at ease in his native haunts, and among the friends and companions of his early years. If he failed to make these interesting, he could hardly hope for more success in a wider field.

In poems, intended to represent the changing hues of sentiment and opinion, in the successive stages of life, the reader will not be surprised to find some real, and many apparent discrepancies of thought and feel-

ing. The author's general views and sentiments will hardly be mistaken ; and the varying aspects of truth,— or, what, at times, may appear as such,— could not be reproduced by him, with the requisite force and liveliness, without assuming (for the occasion) as just and real, the feeling or the opinion, which it was intended to represent or express. Some of these opposite presentations are not so much contradictions of opinion, as antagonist modes of thought and action ;— *or* *is* / each true, within certain limits, and neither complete, without its accompanying counterpart. It will readily be believed that, in these delineations, the author has not felt himself bound, in all cases, like a witness on the stand, to the literal truth of facts ; but that, while aiming always at the truth of nature, he has not scrupled, — *veris miscens falsa*, — to supply, occasionally, such poetical embellishments as his subject seemed to invite or require. Under this saving clause of fiction, the reader is at liberty to arrange whatever he finds improbable in these sketches, or offensive to his better judgment.

The mottoes are intended,— some of them, to express thoughts or sentiments, which the author could not so well convey in his own language,— and others to exhibit, under a different form, or with additional

circumstances, the leading idea of the poem to which they are prefixed. In either case, if the reader finds his imagination excited, or his reflections deepened, by the truth, or the fancy of the motto, he will, perhaps, be the more inclined to look with kindness, on the stranger who comes introduced to him, by an old friend, in this new connexion. The labour of selecting these mottoes has tempted the author, in some cases, to write what he could not so readily find ; and this, as the easier task, would have been oftener done, if he had not aimed, in this part of his work, at greater variety, as well as excellence, than his own verses were likely to supply.

EPPING, N. H. NOVEMBER 2, 1841.

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YOUTH,

OR

SCENES FROM THE PAST.

A SERIES OF POEMS.

It is the voice of years that are gone !
They roll before me, with all their deeds !
OSSIAN.

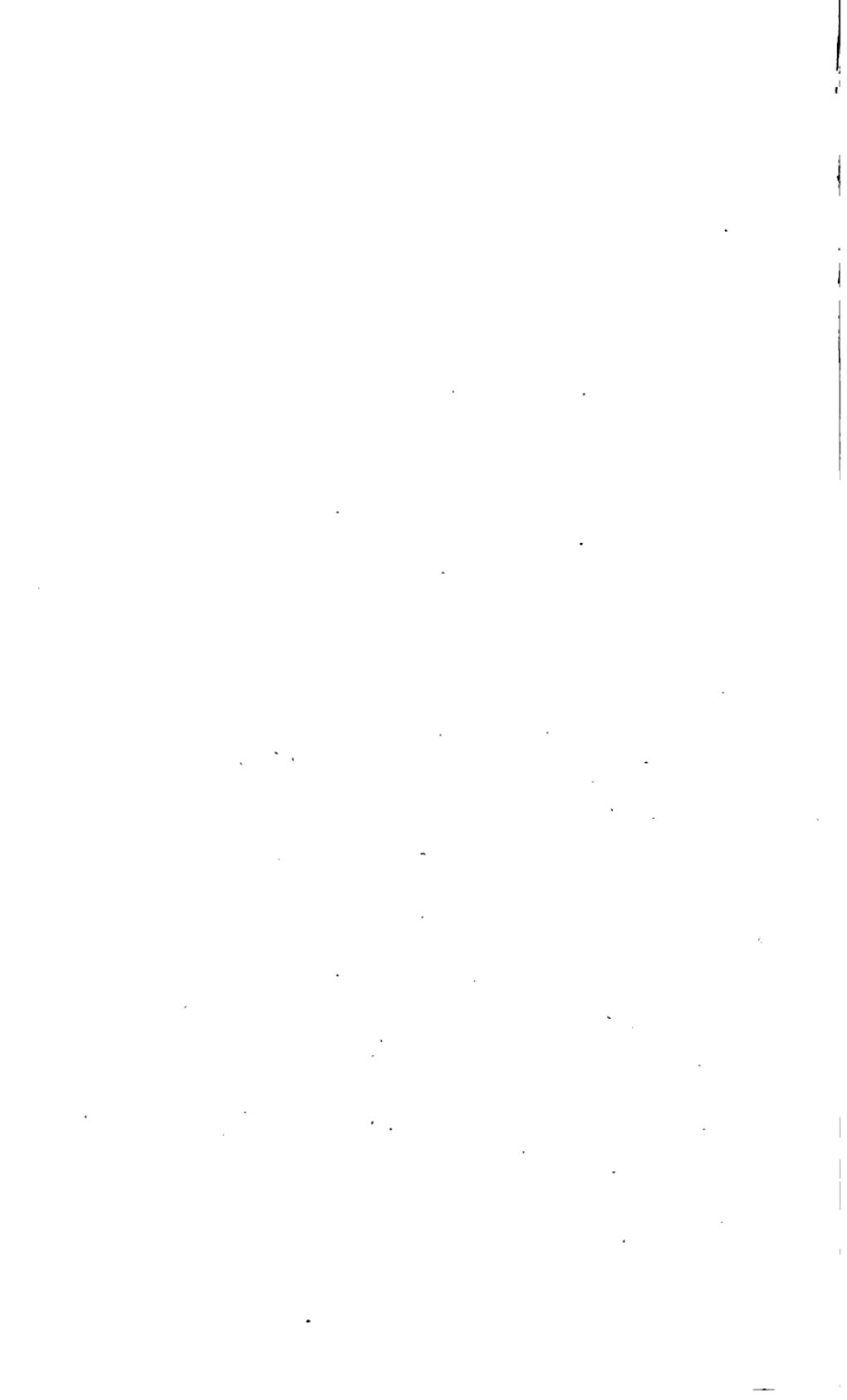


DEDICATION

TO THE

HON. FRANCIS C. GRAY.

CLASSMATE AND FRIEND ! if haply, in these lays,
Thine eye discern the forms that yet remain
Of years long past,—youth's pleasure and its pain,
Its hopes, fears, studies,—thine applause repays
Largely the poet's labour : so he gain
Thy kind approval of his humble strain,
He heeds not, then, the cold indifferent gaze
Of distant strangers. Feelings that outlive
Long absence, toil, and strife, mid haunts of men,
Still to this breast their youthful ardour give,
By time unchanged. Accept his offering then,
Who seeks not now vain blazon of renown ;
So health be his and leisure, book and pen,
And friendship's generous wreath his brows to crown.



YOUTH

OR

SCENES FROM THE PAST,

A SERIES OF POEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

My sun is past its zenith ; and the blaze,
That burned so brightly in youth's glowing skies,
Is tempered now, by swelling clouds that rise,
In life's decline, to shade his parting rays.
What marvel if, at times, remembrance strays
Back to those scenes, whose living image lies,
Mid dews of morn and bloom that never dies,
In sunshine pure of life's first balmy days.
Youth — childhood — infancy — before my sight
Successive rise, in colours clear as bright ;
Thence ripening into manhood's sober hues,
Come milder forms, whose mellow tints presage,
Not undesired, those softening shades of age,
Which closing day must o'er the scene diffuse.

C O N T E N T S.

INFANCY—Sincerity—Early Impressions—Imagination—My Mother—
The Love of Nature—My Native Place—Leaving Home for School—
The boy Tyrant—The Latin Grammar—End of the Term—Vacation—
The Play Ground—The Swimmer—The Snow Fort—Skating—The
Swamscot—Improvement—Study—The Languages—History—Politics
—Dinah—Love—Schoolboy Passion—Ambition—Farewell to Exeter
—The Abbot Jubilee.

YOUTH

OR

SCENES FROM THE PAST.

BOOK FIRST.

INFANCY.

I.

Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs.
COLERIDGE.

FAIN would my wandering steps retrace the stream
Back to its source, and, at the fountain, see
The springs of life, in hours of infancy,
And childhood's joys. Scarce memory can redeem,
From time, faint glimpses of that early dream,
When young existence, full of life and glee,
Mid sounds of gladness on the parent's knee,
From kindred looks saw joy's bright image beam;
The father's love, the mother's fond caress,
With smiles repaid of infant happiness.
The simplest toy could rapture then supply;
Bell, ring, or whistle, ball or top, each threw
Its charm alike, on ravished ear or eye,
Where all seemed beautiful, for all was new.

II.

His brow is bright with gleams of thought,
 Not yet by care invaded :
 To him, not yet, hath nature taught
 Those truths, by sorrow shaded,
 That come too soon, the breast to wring
 With love's regret, and envy's sting.

Yes, all is beautiful, while all is new ;
 Ere dull satiety comes in, to cloy
 Each fresh enjoyment of the ardent boy,
 Or cloud, with time's disgust, his sated view.
 With hopes still buoyant, feelings warm as true,
 Mere novelty can now each sense employ,
 And new-born wonder every scene enjoy,
 With warmth of love, no time can e'er renew.
 Who would not live again those days of youth,
 Of simple pleasures and confiding truth,
 When, each disguise of later years unknown,
 Our words are deeds ; and every rising thought,
 To nature true, is into action wrought,—
 Pleasure our aim, but truth our guide alone.

S I N C E R I T Y.

The heart's light laugh pursues the circling jest,
 And all is sunshine in each little breast !

ROGERS.

Observe yon children playing, and behold
 What trifles please — how roused by word, or smile,
 By mimic gesture, harmless prank, or wile,
 In gay good humour acted ! Though the old

Too oft with scorn regard them, these take hold
 Of youthful fancies, and young hearts beguile
 With pleasure, springing fresh from sympathy.

'Tis this which gives in youth each word and sign
 Its lively import,— where the child can see
 Truth in each thought and movement,— nature free
 From fraudulent art, and harbouring no design
 Oblique. While age, mistrustful, seeks to find,
 In fairest deeds, some bias of the mind,
 Fond youth, undoubting, knows not to refine.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

I.

Wax to receive, and marble to retain. BYRON.

Thoughts that survive to life's remotest hour,
 Their impulse oft from early childhood bring :
 Like swelling streams, from slender rills that spring
 Mid sylvan solitudes, whose shades o'ertower
 Those infant waters in their cradling bower.
 I can remount, on memory's faithful wing,
 To trains of early thought, whose tendrils cling
 To manhood's growth, with still increasing power ;
 Habits of mind, and modes of thought imprest,
 In youthful ardour, on the pliant breast ;
 Thy subtle folds, Opinion ! round me cast,
 For good or ill, ere reason yet could guide,
 Or slow experience, pondering on the past,
 Its sage monitions for my use provide.

II.

The oak, whose branches shelter now the herd,
Was once an acorn ; and its gnarled trunk,
That shook, a sapling, in the summer breeze,
Defies, full grown, the tempest's angry sweep.

Who has not felt how growing habits cast
Their slight but binding chains round opening life !
Each link a pigmy thread, yet holding fast
The sleeping Gulliver ! What toil, what strife,
What effort now, to burst from bonds away,
That once seemed slender as the filmy slime
Arachne weaves — till hardening fast with time,
The chain grows adamant, and binds, today,
The heart that scorned, so late, the passion's sway,
As powerless then. Youth's ductile gold, enclosed
By virtue's guiding hand, is shaped with ease
To use and beauty ; but, intent to please,
If folly's legend round the gold be traced,
It hardens into vice, by crime debased.

I M A G I N A T I O N.

I.

There is a pleasure in it :
Yea, when the cold blood shoots through every vein,
There is a joy in fear. BAILLIE.

Early impressions, on the youthful mind
Take firmest hold, by fear on fancy bred :
My childhood heard, with mingled joy and dread,
Of ghost and goblin dire, — the power combined

Of evil men with evil spirits joined ;
Of blood of innocence, in secret shed,
By ruffian stealing to the peaceful bed ;
The poisoned cup ; the death blow dealt behind ;
Each thrilling tale of strange mysterious power ;
Sights dimly seen, at midnight's witching hour,
And sounds unearthly, heard in caverns lone ;
Till fond credulity received with awe,
As truths undoubted, all that fancy saw,
Or fear imagined, of the world unknown.

II.

The paths of error, winding though they seem,
Conduct, — not seldom, — to the house of truth ;
And oft can fiction, in wild fancy's sport,
Flash light, where reason pours a feebler ray.

Nor vain such tales of wonder, — since they bring,
Early and strongly, to the opening mind,
Views of futurity, and help unbind
Those clogs of earthly sense, that heavy cling
To soaring thought. The mind that scorns, in youth,
The world of spirits, proud, in age, will fling
All reverence by, — unmindful of the truth,
Deepest and best assured, that fancy's wing
Must imp the flight of reason, ere on high
She spread her heaven-ward pinion — else to dwell,
Cold, heartless, sneering, in the skeptic's cell.
Faith, feeling, fancy, each must aid supply
To reasons powers, which else, in vain would try
Man's doubts to solve, his boding fears to quell.

MY MOTHER.

I.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
 My heart is only stirred ;
 Those sounds of love are in my ears,
 That first my childhood heard.

Altered from WORDSWORTH.

My mother ! how can I repay the debt
 My whole life owes thee — thine assiduous care,
 That watched, ere yet I breathed this vital air,
 And still, unwearied, knows not to forget
 Its wonted kindness. Memory values yet,
 As first and choicest, mid her treasures fair,
 That fond maternal wisdom, rich as rare,
 Which all my wants with kind prevention met.
 Fountain of life ! from thee my young lips drew
 Those streams of kindly nurture, which imbue
 Man's rugged nature, savage else and vile,
 With female softness ; tempering heart and brain
 With mild yet lofty virtues, taught in vain
 By ought less holy than a mother's smile.

II.

" He knew no mother's care," Oh pardon then
 His folly, or his guilt,—if he should prove
 Vicious alike as wretched.

Oft, when my sports (as youth is thoughtless still)
 Grew harsh or cruel, mildly hast thou said,
 Seek not, my son ! thy cup of joy to fill
 From others' suffering : evil on the head

Of evil doers will her vials shed
 Of ten fold vengeance on the vicious will ;
 Then be not cruel ; nor, with wanton tread,
 Crush needlessly the worm beneath thy feet :
 Yet be not thence effeminate ; nor dread,
 When duty calls, rejoicingly to meet
 Toil, suffering, danger, in each generous cause,
 Thy God's, thy friends, thy country's and her laws ;
 So shalt thou find e'en painful duty sweet,
 Tempered by love and crowned with just applause.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

I.

What call'st thou solitude ? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air
 Replenished, — and all these at thy command,
 To come and play before thee ? MILTON.

I can remember, ere my years had told
 Their second lustre, how I loved to be
 Alone among the woods ; to wander free
 Beside the neighbouring streamlet, and behold
 The small fish darting, where the waters rolled
 Above the smooth worn stones ; to stand and see
 The lively squirrel, on the broad beach tree,
 Rattling the nuts down, chittering to his mate,
 Or bounding, bird-like, onward ; then to chase
 The gaudy butterfly ; or pause and trace
 The ant-hill's busy tribe, its ordered state,
 And well ranked industry ; an idler I,
 Yet busy as the blackbird chattering by,
 And heedless of returning soon or late.

II.

How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife
With the stir of enjoyment, the spirit of life.

WILSON.

Chide not my wanderings, mother ! nor believe
That danger waits me here ; the dreaded snake
Flies from me harmless, harbouring in the brake :
The stream is shallow, where the fish receive
The crumbs I throw them ; 'tis a merry sight
To see them leap thus sudden into light,
Then sink as soon : the woodpecker hard by
Taps on the tree, unheeding ; redbreast takes
The food I give him, nor my side forsakes,
So well he knows me ! but in vain I try
To win upon the partridge ; wild and shy
I hear her drumming on the fallen tree,
Remote, unsocial : well, the bird is free,
And loves the covert — so in truth do I.

III.

Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice Art,
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pours forth profuse. MILTON.

No spot so distant, in this spacious vale,
But I had won it,— whether hill or plain,
Forest or cultured field,— intent to gain
Acquaintance with each flower that doth inhale
The breath of morn, or lurk in sheltered dale.

Rock-side, or margin of the winding brook.
Eager I sought where earliest blossoms grew,
Of liver-leaf and columbine, each nook,
Where sweetest scented, in the morning dew,
The Azalea, May Flower, Lily of the Vale,
The Eglantine, and Pancy, on the gale
Their bloom and fragrance, all unheeded, threw.
Thus lone, yet happy, passed each busy hour,
Gay as the bird, expanding like the flower.

IV.

They had been playmates in their infancy;
And she in all his thoughts had borne a part,
And all his joys. SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY.

Nurtured in solitude, this feeling grew
A sense, a passion, a reflective joy,
Ingrained, or native, e'en while yet a boy ;
And still, in age, survives, unchanged as true.
Half murmuring to myself, or wandering oft,
In social silence pleased, afar I strayed,
Sister ! with thee, in rapture through the glade,
Too happy for discourse ! Pervading soft,
Resistless though unseen, the gentle force
Of genial nature guided still our course :
Bird, beast, field, forest, summer shower, or wind,
Hill, valley, streamlet, to the softened breast
Could each, in turn, enduring thoughts suggest,
And mould, with plastic power, the yielding mind.

MY NATIVE PLACE.

Sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, river, woods, and plains. MILTON.

What wonder if the love of nature then
 Was strong within me, e'en from childhood's dawn ;
 Ere yet I mingled with the herd of men,
 Or wandered, from my native vale withdrawn.
 The genius of this quiet spot serene
 Wrought on my heart, and sways its movements still :
 The gentle curvature of yonder hill,
 Clothed to its cultured top with living green,
 The river's steady flow, the clattering mill,
 Yon blue-topped mountain, far and faintly seen,
 With wooded hills, and verdant vales between,
 The farm-house's busy group, yon winding rill,
 Each on my infant mind left lasting trace,
 Heart bound, and wedded to my native place.

LEAVING HOME FOR SCHOOL.

I.

And then the whining school boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,
 Unwillingly to school ! SHAKSPEARE.

The loss of home,— how poignant was the grief,
 When, from the parent roof constrained to part,
 Its bitter pang transfix'd my youthful heart !
 The world's cold kindness gave not then relief,

But sickened rather. Oft the tear would start,
Unbidden, while the dear domestic scene
Rose on my view, with bitter thoughts between :

But then, with scornful laugh, came one, who, young
Yet early hardened, could such pain deride,

And taunt my weakness with sarcastic tongue,
That shamed, at once, and roused me : manly pride
And just resentment dashed the tear aside ;

Yet could not long the rising grief o'rrule,

Home sick, heart riven, by that first week at school.

II.

Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy. WORDSWORTH.

Possessions that, while held, are, in our eyes,
Deemed little worth, to tenfold value rise,

When held no more. 'Tis thus, in nightly dream,
My home sick fancy revels mid the joys
Of untasked youth, and sports of happy boys.

Night still restores me to my native stream,
An infant architect, where oft my hand
The mud-dam built, or water wheel had planned ;

Or, panting from the summer's sultry beam,
Framed leafy arbours in the secret dell;

Or chambers hollowed in the yielding sand ;
Of these more proud than, since, in larger scheme
Of later life : can vaunting manhood tell
Why better worth, since ne'er enjoyed so well ?

THE BOY TYRANT.

See how he beats, whom he has just reviled,
And made rebellious, that impudent child. CRABBE.

Among my early inmates there was one,
The scorn alike and terror of the school ;
Subtle, unfeeling, in his malice cool,
And patient in revenge, no favours done
Moved his base soul, or e'er to kindness won.
Fearless as false, he aims alike to rule
By force and fraud : each idler is his tool,
The timid fear him, and the prudent shun.
In vice unwearied, 'tis his daily joy
To gull the ignorant, the good betray ;
But chief, the sensitive and tender boy,
Now to his arts, to lure, unwares, astray ;
Then turn informer, and his dupe defame,
Himself unharmed, and glorying in his shame.

THE LATIN GRAMMAR.

The drilled dull lesson, forced down, word by word. BYRON.

The Latin Grammar — can I think again,
In patience, on that sickness of the heart,
When words of uncouth sound and rules of art,
To me unmeaning, as replete with pain,
Sought entrance first on my reluctant brain.

Till then indulged, I ne'er had known the smart
 Of task enforced : my memory could retain
 The hymn, or prayer, or ballad's simple strain,
 Caught from those lips maternal, which impart
 Knowledge at once and pleasure, eye and ear
 To that mild teacher open still and clear ;
 But closed on him who seemed not to discern
 How kindness quickens, while disgust and fear
 Palsy the mind, which ceases thence to learn.

END OF THE TERM.

In thoughtless gaiety, I course the plain,
 And Hope itself is all I know of Pain.
 WORDSWORTH.

THE TERM IS ENDED ! what more grateful sound
 To mortal ears ! to toil-worn judge sedate,
 To weary lawyer, doomed on courts to wait,
 And client, not less wearied, who has found
 His endless law-suit, for a rood of ground,
 Engulfing acres ! Welcome is the date,
 That turns the 'prentice from his master's gate,
 Or sees the minor with full freedom crowned.
 But nor to minor, swelling with the pride
 Of coming freedom ; not when courts decide,
 Or jurors can agree ; not from the bar
 When learned counsel hasten, is their joy
 Like his, the rapture of that term-worn boy,
 Released, and journeying to his home afar.

VACATION.

All now is confidence, the fresh o'erflow
 Of hearts, that feel, the transport, they bestow :
 And then how pleasant all old haunts to view,
 Each comrade greet, and former loves renew !

Warm is the welcome from each well known face,
 That smiles beneath that old paternal roof :
 And manifold, as tender, is the proof
 Of interest, that each inmate of the place
 Feels in me still, while all, with wonder, trace
 Each change, in form or manner, time has wrought,
 Since last we parted. In that warm embrace,
 The charities of home and kindred race
 Revive once more, with tenfold pleasure fraught.
 But ah ! how brief that pleasure — soon the thought
 Of parting grieves : yet transient is that pain,
 The first home sickness never comes again ;
 Or comes, so softened, that the pensive grief
 Yields pleasure, rather than demands relief.

THE PLAY GROUND.

Fearless they leap, and every youngster feels
 His *Alma* active in his hands and heels. CRABBE.

The sports of youth, and all the youthful train,
 Each dear familiar object, to my sight
 Returns, renewed, in all its old delight,
 As through these haunts, with mingled joy and pain,

I roam once more, they all are here again,
 Each spot so loved of yore ; with dexterous sleight,
 The marble glancing to its destined aim,
 The kite, the cricket, and the hardier game
 Of foot ball, bounding o'er the trampled plain ;
 The glowing brow, flushed cheek, and eye of flame,
 The toil to win, the effort to retain :
 And lo ! yon youth, another, yet the same,
 My boy, — with foot as restless in the chase,
 As erst his sire's, when foremost in the race.

T H E S W I M M E R.

Flinging the billows back from my drenched hair,
 And laughing from my lips the audacious brine !

BYRON.

The glowing fervours of the summer sun
 Make grateful now the stream, wherein to lave
 Our languid limbs, and sport along the wave.
 And see yon tender stripling, who hath run
 In haste, yet pauses ere thefeat be done :
 Lingering yet longing, fearful and yet brave,
 He plunges headlong to the Nereid cave,
 Emerging soon, with spoils from Neptune won.
 See too yon puny Cassius* of the tide
 His Cæsar daring through the waves to glide,
 For yonder point, that distant lures the eye.
 The stream they buffet now, with manly pride,
 And lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 With hearts of controversy, beating high !

*Julius Cæsar, Act I, Scene II.

THE SNOW FORT.

Their sinews grow
Firm mid the gladness of heroic sports. TALFOURD.

Nor less our winter joys ; 'tis now the time
For strenuous action : on each adverse height
The snow built fort provokes the hardy fight.
By numbers guarded, yet can courage climb
The steep ascent ; while passions, that incite
Man's later years to virtue's daring flight,
Here spring to life, in strength of youthful prime.
Ambition, valour, hope's aspiring aim,
Contempt of danger, generous thirst for fame,
Give strength to fragile limbs ; and force impart
Of manly daring to youth's slender frame.
Conduct is here might grace the soldier's art,
Or statesman's policy ; their hopes the same,
In manhood's toils, and youth's adventurous game.

SKATING.

I.

They ask no other gem, nor wealth,
Save nature's gifts of youth and health. BYRON.

'Tis evening, and the winter's sky is fair ;
Away with books then, and the musty rules
Of solemn pedants in their pent up schools !
While sloth lies slumbering on his easy chair,

Our young limbs, hardened by the frosty air,
Are strung for pleasure ; as, with eager cry,
Pursuing and pursued, we mock at care,
Our sharp skates hissing o'er the icy glare.
Yon pool is open, but our thoughts defy
Its crackling ice ; as wheeling swift we dare
Its verge approach, and blindly rush to try
Who first may nearest reach, who best compare.
In rival rashness : sport with danger joined,
What charm more potent for youth's fearless mind !

II.

In little bosoms such achievements strike
A kindred spark ; they burn to do the like. COWPER.

Hark to the shout, the challenge, the reply !
The goal is yonder headland, far away :
What miles are traversed in the nimble play
Of youthful limbs ; while hot blood mounts on high,
Warm hearts beat quick, as, sweeping swiftly by,
We onward press, impatient of delay :
Nor pause we now, in pity for the fall
Of luckless comrade, passed alike by all
With peals of merry laugh, that rend the skies.
Up, and away ; thou yet may'st win the prize,
If hope desert not, nor base fear appal ;
Then up, and on — But hark ! with accent clear,
Yon bell, loud sounding, checks our fleet career,
And home we turn, obedient to its call.

THE SWAMSCOTT.

Now reigns
Full orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets forth the face of things ; in vain,
If none regard.

MILTON.

Frost bound river ! o'er thy face,
Clear as crystal, while I glide,
And along thy smooth ice trace
Mazy windings far and wide,
Joy's wild impulse swells the force
That propels my onward course.

Care has dogged my steps all day,
Study worn my spirits down ;
But from care I flee away,
And in transport study drown :
Fleeter than the rushing wind
I have left their trace behind.

Lone I rove, yet not alone ;
Snow clad hill and silent wood,
Spire and dome, now hid, now shown,
Creaking ice, and roaring flood,
Skies that sparkle, stars that burn —
These are mine, where'er I turn.

Burning cheek, and flashing eye,
Quicken'd breath, and pulses wild ;
Rapture, ending in a sigh,
Pain with pleasure reconciled —

Blend, with strange mysterious power,
In the transport of this hour.

But such rapture will not last :
Milder joys are flowing in,
Calmer thoughts returning fast ;
While, above earth's stir and din,
Heaven seems shedding, from the pole,
Starry influence on the soul.

Lights are round me, clear reflected
From the glittering hosts on high ;
At my feet their rays collected
In this mimic nether sky ;
While afar, on evening's brow,
Dian's crest hangs sparkling now.

Fast and far I sweep along ;
Faster far can fancy stray,
Borne on pinions swift as strong ;
Till, above yon milky way,
Wide expanding thought would soar,
Man and nature to explore.

Whence this strange mysterious being,
Riddle of the wondering world ?
Eyes, now blind, and now far-seeing,
Thoughts now clear, now madly hurled,
In confusion vast as vain,
Through this vortex of the brain.

Hopes that fire, and fears that chill,
Grief with pleasure, joy with pain,

Good that alternates with ill,
Restless thoughts and wishes vain,
Here too little, there too much ;
Such is life, its impulse such.

Would these steel-shod feet could rise,
Swifter far than here they move,
Winning way, o'er crystal skies,
To the source of truth above :
Then might wandering reason know
Whence this joy, this doubt, this wo.

Vain the wish ; as vain to send
Anxious thought o'er land and sea :
Wiser far the hour to spend
In rejoicing revelry ;
Happier sure, if youth allow
Joy's bright cup to sparkle now.

Why o'ershadow present bliss,
With forebodings sad as strange ;
Or imbitter hours like this,
With dark dreams of future change ?
Ills to come may age annoy,
Youth but asks for present joy ;

Joy like mine, while, sweeping by,
Rapture swells each thrilling nerve.
Not yon bird can swifter fly,
Lighter move, or truer swerve,
Or in gayer transports fling
Mirth in music from his wing.

Light, and warbling, like that bird,
 Joy inspires my every thought ;
 Nerves high strung, and feelings stirred,
 Health from northern breezes caught,
 These are mine, where'er I stray,
 Swamscot ! o'er thine ice bound way.

I M P R O V E M E N T.

For nature, crescent, doth not grow alone
 In thews and bulk ; but as this temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. SHAKSPEARE.

How heedless is the school boy ! yet how fraught
 With deep instruction ! heedless in the joy
 That comes too fast, his eager hopes to cloy,
 Or fears excite ; yet filled with earnest thought
 And just reflection ; truths by nature taught,
 That new as strange, with ever fresh delight
 His growing powers to welcome toil invite.
 What change in form and look, unknown before,
 In tone and gesture, manners, in the glance
 Of sparkling eyes, that beam intelligence !
 Much hath the school room taught him, but far more
 His youthful playmates ; rich in free exchange
 Of teeming fancies, wild at will to range,
 Unchecked, through nature, and her paths explore.

S T U D Y.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
SHAKSPEARE.

Enough of boisterous sports, of joys that spring
To hasty birth, in pleasure's noisy ring :

Lo ! Study comes, sedate, of thoughtful brow
And tranquil mien : with her, come toils that please,
And tasks that quicken ; following close on these,

See, Knowledge comes, responsive to the vow
Of studious youth, whose generous thoughts allow
No base remission, no inglorious ease.

Turn then delighted to thy books again :
Play sends thee bounding back to study now,
Like steed, high strung, curveting on the rein.
Blest pliancy of youth ! that still can range
From sport to toil, rejoicing in each change,
Sport free from care, and study void of pain.

T H E L A N G U A G E S.

No nourishment to feed his growing mind,
But conjugated verbs, and nouns declined.
COWPER.

Three years of hard ungenial toil are past,
Chiefly the elements of speech to gain,
The Greek and Latin ; they are won at last,
Though slowly, and with effort oft in vain ;

And scant the scholarship I gathered thence
 In niceties of language, that belong
 To masters of the Greek and Roman song.
 What matters it, if something of their sense
 I gained, and learned, at times, somewhat to feel
 The Mantuan music, and poetic zeal ;
 The pregnant brevity of Sallust won,
 Anacreon's warmth, the ease of Xenophon ;
 Nor wanted thoughts and feelings that dispense
 Some glow of Ciceronian eloquence.

HISTORY.

The Past ! the Past ! O turn thine eye,
 Where scenes of distant years unfold ;
 And forms, long lost, come floating by,
 Life-like, on History's page unrolled.

If forms of grammar, and the classic page,
 'Too coldly follow, thence ill understood,
 Gave less enjoyment, than of right they should,
 Works more inviting failed not to engage
 My youthful ardour, tasked, but unsubdued.
 Books were my playmates then ; and oft could win
 From all associates, and the cheerful din
 Of sports, else grateful, hours that others use
 For sleep, amusement, or the tasks assigned
 Of classic study. Pleasure more refined
 Than ought else known, the grave historic muse
 Of Greece, of Rome, of England could diffuse,
 In rich abundance still, of use combined
 With high enjoyment, to the thoughtful mind.

P O L I T I C S.

But ah ! ye Muses, keep your votary's feet
From tavern haunts, where Politicians meet.

C R A B B E .

A school boy Politician ! can there be
Sight worthier for the cynic to despise,
Or wise men pity — feelings, such as rise,
In men, from selfish interests oft, to see
Thus early ruling o'er the young and free,
The fair ingenuous mind. Well could I prate,
And confident, of party leaders then,
The magnates of a day, whose short lived date
Now scarce survives, in memory of men.
Strange ! that, so soon, such follies shoud engage
Youth's unbribed thoughts, in fancied cares of state,
That crib the soaring mind in folly's cage.
Yet small the difference ; party zeal and hate
Not more, in youth, are odious, than in age.

D I N A H.

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers. M I L T O N .

And can I pass thee, Dinah ! o'er,
Thy savoury cake and ale !
And must my leisure stray no more
Adown this quiet vale ?

What pleasure was it, once a week,
(Not oftener did we dare !)
Thy rural lodge, at eve, to seek,
And taste its homely fare.

How neat the table, ready spread,
With napkin white as snow ;
The whispering pine above our head,
The murmuring stream below.

And then to hear old Cuff dilate
On dangers met afar,
The varied turns of changeful fate,
When master went to war !

While Dinah's comely visage glows,
A pure transparent jet,
With coral lips, whose bright smile shows
A mouth with ivory set !

Thy sparkling beaker, Dinah ! ne'er
Does broil or discord breed ;
Yet well the heart of youth can cheer,
Of youth from study freed ;

When bursting from restraints away,
The stern restraints of school,
Amid these silent groves we stray,
By stream and fountain cool.

The rich may boast of prouder fare ;
But what does pride avail ?
As well might age with youth compare,
As wine with Dinah's ale !

Oh ! I may wander far, nor find
Such simple joys again ;
To haunts of pleasure more refined,
Of pleasure mixed with pain.

The gay saloon, the gilded hall,
Where folly flirts in fashion's ring,
May well our humbler joys recall,
While seated by yon spring,

Where careless thrown the lawn along,
In thoughtless reverie,
We list the night bird's soothing song,
Or hum of homeward bee.

Unknown alike to pomp and state,
To want, regret, and fear,
Nor sullen pride, nor rival hate
Disturbs our quiet here.

How soft the shades of evening close
O'er forest, dale, and hill ;
While tranquil thoughts, in calm repose,
Like dews of night distil.

O'er lowly cot, and woodland scene,
Descends the welcome hour ;
Nor less our hearts, in joy serene,
Partake the season's power.

Thy plastic power, great nature ! then,
Can mould the thoughts of youth,
At evening felt, in rural glen,
The power of love and truth ;

Of love and truth o'er gentle hearts,
While health its bloom bestows ;
Where truth its charm to thought imparts,
And life with love o'erflows.

L O V E.

He feels, through thrilling nerve and quickened brain,
Love's piercing dart, — from Beauty's laughing eye
At random shot, unconscious of its aim.

Love, in the young, while yet the heart is free,
Is nature's bounteous gift; the rich o'erflow
Of fond affection, ere he learns to know
Or choice, or difference; and in all can see
Bright charms, responsive to his fantasy,
Wheron his bland endearments to bestow.
The bud, in spring will swell, the lily blow,
Though none be near to mark it on the lea;
The lamb will frolic, and the kitten play,
Instinctive taught; and blithe the linnet's lay
Flows, unconstrained, in notes of native glee.
Not less, in fervent youth, man's heart obeys
The genial impulse, which all nature sways,
When love first wakes, in Beauty's quickening ray.

SCHOOL BOY PASSION.

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname to her purblind son and heir :
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
SHAKSPEARE.

The little Love God to this breast,
Like serpent in the sparrow's nest,
Hath crept, unwares, to break my rest,
And torture me.

I wist not ought of subtle guile,
In looks so soft, in that arch smile !
But ah ! it won my heart, the while,
And tortures me.

Oh ! could I touch that cruel heart ;
Would she but yield to Cupid's dart :
But ah ! she glories in the smart
That tortures me.

Bright Venus ! lend thy powerful aid,
Oh ! come in all thy charms arrayed,
And be on her that power displayed
That tortures me.

Come thou too, Cupid ! sportive boy,
Come, heavenly source of earthly joy ;
And thou, fair maid ! no more be coy,
That tortur'est me.

Alas ! nor maid, nor Cupid near ;
No Venus lends a favouring ear ;
My love, my grief, is none will hear ;
This tortures me.

AMBITION.

Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
 And when I am o'horseback, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely !

SHAKSPEARE.

Away with Love — his subtle net
 Would snare my heart before its time :
 But no ! he shall not bind me yet,
 For I have many a height sublime
 Of steep ascent, with toil to climb,
 Where passion's fire and love's regret,
 Would check my course in youthful prime :
 Hence, then be love's illusion cast,
 It must not, and it shall not last.

Hope is the Captain of our host,
 Whose meanest follower of the war
 May all his leader's ardour boast ;
 And we have sworn to follow far
 The light of that presiding star,
 Till, earth's wide realms of study crost,
 Labour shall learning's gates unbar ;
 And knowledge lead the steps of youth
 To virtue in the paths of truth.

Not now, O Love ! should'st thou appear ;
 Thy light artillery bears no part,
 Where patient toil and thought severe
 Must win the heights of studious art :
 Turn then from me thy erring dart,

Since I must bear, through many a year,
 The studious look, and loveless heart :
 Then do not ask that I should wear
 Thy favours on this brow of care.

This is no time to grieve, or sigh,
 O'er lover's bliss, in lady's bower :
 My eager thoughts are soaring high,
 Where knowledge, truth, ambition, power,
 Rich blessings on their votary shower :
 Then farewell, Love ! I needs must fly
 Thy soft enchantment, at this hour ;
 Yet smile not thus, in proud disdain,
 We part, Oh Love ! to meet again.

F A R E W E L L T O E X E T E R.

AUGUST 22, 1805.

'Tis vain ; we cannot tear apart
 The ties that twine around the heart,
 But blood will follow. Future years
 Lie bright in prospect ; but regret
 Is mingled with the parting yet,
 Alternate sorrows, hopes, and fears.

Pensive, yet pleased, I breathe a fond farewell,
 Exonia ! to thy calm untroubled bowers ;
 Where knowledge first, on my unfolding powers,
 Her quickening influence shed, and taught to swell
 Those buds of early thought, that burst their cell,
 In prime of youth, mid warmth of vernal showers.
 Ye fond associates of my studious hours !

Though now we part, remembrance still shall dwell
On each fair form, to youthful love endeared :
And Thou, whose skillful hand could rule so well
Our apt and froward youth, O guide revered !
If once I deemed thee stern, yet now I find
Thy seeming rigour was, in truth, most kind ;
Severe yet friendly, and beloved though feared.

THE ABBOT JUBILEE.

AUGUST 23, 1838.

The summer months bring wilding shoot
From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit ;
And years draw on our human span
From child to boy, from boy to man. SCOTT.

ABBOT ! to thee thy pupils bring
Their tribute due of grateful praise,
With feelings warm, that freshly spring,
At memory of departed days :
'Mid those far scenes when fancy strays,
How bright each early vision burns, .
While years roll back, and youth returns !

How oft in hours of toil, or strife,
When false friends fail, and fortune lowers,
The scenes return of early life ;
Of youthful sports and careless hours,
Passed gaily 'mid these classic bowers ;
Till sighs burst forth, that life no more
Those joys can give, it gave before.

Long years are past ; and time has wrought
On each changed form, till memory finds
Slight semblance left of former thought ;
And weak, perchance, each tie that binds
Our sundered hearts and altered minds.
Oh ! say not so, — since true hearts yet
The loves of youth can ne'er forget.

And we, though far our steps have strayed,
To Europe's shores, or Asia's strand,
Our homes in western wilds though made,
Or in the glowing southern land,
Yet feel new life, as here we stand,
Where erst we stood, while days of yore
Come thronging all our memories o'er.

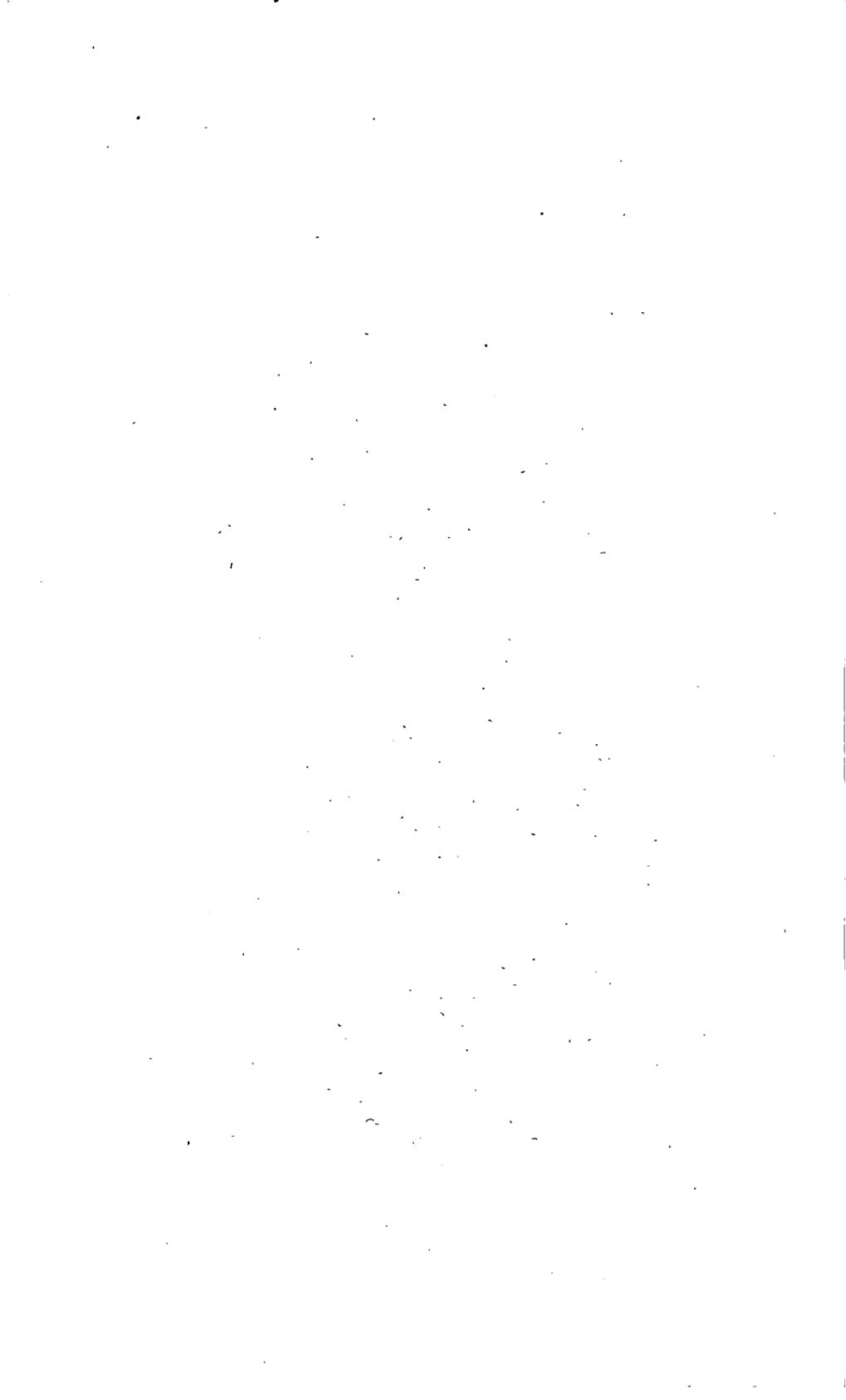
To us, each well remembered spot,
The plains, the groves, are still the same,
No object changed, no sport forgot ;
Kite, marble, football, each old game,
Wherein to win was then held fame,
Here flourish still ; and half we deem
Ourselves unchanged, in this blest dream.

But no, 'tis past ; the fates allow
No second youth, — since time will trace
His change alike on furrowed brow,
And mind matured. In youth's warm race,
Our sons have ta'en their fathers' place,
And we, with mixed regret and pride,
To aid their course must step aside.

Instructer sage ! beloved as feared,
On whom our youthful cares we cast,
To grateful bosoms long endeared,
Say, must this meeting be our last ?
Is thy long term of service past ?
And may our sons no longer crave
The aids to us thy wisdom gave ?

Farewell ! since warmest hopes in vain
Would hold thee longer in our view ;
Affectionate, with tender pain,
Fondly we bid thee here adieu ;
New joys may come, new scenes ensue,
But time shall hallow, in each heart,
The scene, the hour, wherein we part.

Soft be the pillow of thine age,
The cradle of declining years,
Unknown alike to turbid rage,
To sordid want, or bigot fears :
While hope's bright ray thy prospect cheers,
Gently may time, in reverence, shed
The frosts of age around thy head.



SCENES FROM THE PAST.

BOOK SECOND.

C O N T E N T S.

ENTERING COLLEGE—The Freshman—First Visit to the Theatre—Indolence—Contemplation—Ambition—Devotion—**The Sophomore**—On Horseback—The Unknown Beauty—The Sleigh Ride—The Dance—Dissipation—Vice—Excitement—**The Junior**—Developement of Taste, as displayed in admiration of the Beautiful and the Sublime—Influence of Mind on Matter—The Beautiful—The Beauty of Holiness—The Truth of Nature—Music—Sculpture—Painting—Morning Walk—Evening Walk—Walk in Winter—The Ocean—The White Hills—The Mountain Streams.

YOUTH

OR

SCENES FROM THE PAST.

BOOK SECOND.

ENTERING COLLEGE.

Where, graced with many a classic spoil,
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil,
That sternly chides my love-lorn song. COLERIDGE.

HOPE is the guide of youth ; yet sudden fear
Seized on me, Harvard ! as at first thy walls
I entered ; slow along thy solemn halls
Pacing, in silent dread, to where appear
Thy grave instructors, marshalled forth to hear
Me, inexpert, from morn to eve, expound
The mysteries of syntax ; depths profound
Of prosody explore ; the mazes clear
Of conjugations ; and declensions run
Through all varieties of changeful speech.
If well, enquire not, since the task is done ;
Not ill, belike, for lo ! the goal is won ;
Nor further now my fondest wishes reach,
Matriculated, Harvard ! as thy son.

THE FRESHMAN.

Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown.
 JOHNSON.

How shall I paint the Freshman ? Proud in thought,
 As deeming that his toils have won, at length,
 The virile robe ; rejoicing in the strength
 Of nascent virtue ; modest too ; yet fraught
 With high resolves, of honor to be sought
 By studious arts, and scholarship attained.
 Henceforth, his mind no needful task will shun,
 Howe'er laborious : rising with the sun,
 To toil till midnight, all his powers are strained
 To utmost effort. No base thought of ease,
 Or sloth inglorious, can his fancy please,
 Nor vice allure. Already, in his eye,
 The course is traversed ; and he springs on high,
 Eager the academic wreath to seize.

FIRST VISIT TO THE THEATRE.

I.

Honey with poison, in one flower,
 Is mingled oft, in narrow bound :
 The bee, that shuns the poison's power,
 Hath yet the treasured honey found :
 So, haply, may thy care attain
 The Drama's sweets, nor taste its pain.

The play was Alexander, in the pride
 Of Cooper's early acting ; and he trod
 The swelling scene, in word and deed, a God,
 Young Ammon, mortal, but yet deified.

Alas ! that art so seldom can deceive
The practiced eye ; that credence is denied,
Where fond credulity would fain receive
The kind deception, eager to believe !
To me there was no acting there, no stage
Of paltry wood and canvass, in my view ;
But Babylon's proud towers, Roxana's rage,
Hephestion, Clytus, all the poet drew,
Prince, courtier, lover, manhood, youth and age,
No quaint disguise, but real all and true.

II.

What seek ye here ? Joy's evenescent bloom !
SMITH.

Such faith has pliant youth : I since have seen
Pierre, Jaffier, Belvidera's tender part,
The love of Juliet, Shylock's vengeful heart,
Pizarro, Zanga, Richard's sneering mein,
Hal, Falstaff, Quickly, Hotspur's fiery spleen,
Jaques, Hamlet, Macbeth, swart Othello's hue,
And Lear amid the storm : paid honor due
To Cook, to Keen, to Matthews' matchless art
Of mimic nature ; actors not a few,
Nor worthless seen ; have felt the warm tear start,
In tragic passion ; joined in laughter too,
Not less sincere : yet none could e'er impart
Feelings that equalled, in intense delight,
The wonders of that first undoubting night.

INDOLENCE.

I.

Here naught but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
 Good natured lounging, sauntering up and down.
 THOMPSON.

How soon, alas ! impediments arise
 In virtue's paths : the stripling that could dare
 Each adverse height, how sinks he in despair,
 At toils unseen, at labours that surprise,
 In mid career, his inexperienced eyes.
 The stated tasks grow irksome ; daily care,
 And nightly study health and hope impair,
 Till courage droops, and young ambition dies.
 Yet sink not so, fond youth ! e'en now the chain
 Of sloth is round thee : siren Pleasure wins
 Thy heart, yet virtuous, but to venal sins,
 Mere freaks of youthful folly ; but her reign,
 Though oft in harmless sport the course begins,
 Brings Vice full soon, with misery in her train.

II.

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,
 Though fools are lavish on't : the fatal Fisher
 Hooks souls, while we waste moments. SCOTT.

" Oh ! call not Pleasure Vice ; nor seek to balk
 The flow of youthful feelings unabused :
 The song, the dance, the bowl, infrequent used,
 At friendly meetings, mid enlivening talk,

Thou need'st not sure condemn ; nor evening walk,
 Nor healthful morning ride, can be refused."'
 But is thy Homer studied, Horace scanned,
 And Euclid demonstrated ? Livy's page,
 Plato, Demosthenes, — do these engage
 Thy earnest thought ? Or hast thou nothing planned
 But pleasure's idle pageant ? Is the strife
 For fame forgotten ; and thy worthless life
 To end inglorious ? Oh ! in time withstand
 The baneful fiend, ere yet by sloth unmanned.

C O N T E M P L A T I O N .

I.

An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy. — POPE.

The world, perchance, my idleness might deem
 A vice. It was not such, dear Bliss ! with thee,
 While unconstrained, in social pleasure free,
 Our prime of joy was plunging in the stream,
 At morn, or eve ; or wandering o'er the lea,
 Arm linked in arm. 'Twas thus each loved retreat
 We won delighted, with unwearied feet,
 Each vale exploring, and each secret nook ;
 Fished on Fresh Pond, our light sail gaily spread ;
 Or roamed Mount Auburn, city of the dead,
 Then wild, untenanted. While nature's book,
 Spread wide before us, all its secrets told,
 How idly busy life's bright currents rolled,
 In streams of thought, that murmured like a brook.

II.

And we were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

BYRON.

Deem not such hours mispent, though not confined
To formal study : Farrar's brow may frown,
And thoughtful Nichols note our absence down ;
Yet haply, at such hour, the busy mind
Is working for itself the problem out
Of some deep truth, or solving subtle doubt.
In these broad diagrams, by nature lined
On hill and plain, the studious thought may find
Solution that puts servile fear to rout.
On yonder bank, while basking in the sun,
How deeply hath the varied prospect wrought
On our wrapt souls ! how purified each thought,
From low desire, from selfish feelings won,
To virtue's lore, by liberal nature taught.

A M B I T I O N.

His frame of mind was serious and severe,
Beyond his years ; his dreams were of great objects.
WALLENSTEIN.

Yet loved I better, Bird ! at times, with thee,
To watch, with kindling eye, the world of men,
And frame high schemes of action ; idle then,
And haply ill advised ; yet generous, free,

In pride of youth, that scorned servility,
And mocked at baseness. Oft, entranced, we dwelt
On glowing annals of the olden time,
The Greek, or Roman, till our bosoms felt
Congenial ardour ; oft in thought sublime,
Statesmen ourselves, or warriors ! dealt the blow,
In fancied combat with our country's foe,
When tyrants menaced : nor less eager bent,
In halls of state, on public cares intent,
To rise supreme, and rule the crowd below !

DEVOTION.

1

How different, yet not adverse, was the strain
Of tranquil hope, what time, day's labours o'er,
I wandered oft, well pleased, along the plain,
Stevens ! with thee ; indulging thoughts that soar,
Humble, yet high, above ambition's aim.
The setting sun, and fading twilight wrought,
Oft in our minds, oblivion of low thought,
And selfish cares ; till, kindling as it came,
Our hearts grew holy in devotion's flame.
Not cowled, nor cloistered, nor with venom fraught
Of fierce contentious zeal, or bigot pride,
Came mild Religion there ; but robed in might
Of meek humility, and reason's light,
Our sorrow's comforter, and virtue's guide.

II.

A sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored. TALFOURD.

No, not in tempests wrapt of midnight gloom,
He came, the Father, to our opening minds ;
In beauty rather of the vernal bloom,
Fair flowers, and waving woods, & whispering winds,
Each form of milder nature, whose control
The yielding breast in willing bondage binds.
A calm abstraction of the softened soul
Steals o'er each sense, that, mild as dewy eve
In leafy June, seems melting into tears ;
Tears, less of sorrow shed, than tranquil joy,
That finds not more in speech its glad employ,
Than mute admiring praise ; while earth's dark fears,
Its cares, its doubts, the burthened bosom leave,
For hope's full flow of bliss without alloy.

THE SOPHOMORE.

Breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty ;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind.
SHAKSPEARE.

The union rare of modesty combined
With seemly confidence, that marked the tone
Of entering Freshman, is no longer known,
His rash impatience only left behind.

'Too wise to learn, too knowing to believe,
 And all too fond of freedom, to receive
 Command or counsel, lo ! the Sophomore !
 Ripe for revolt, to rapture quick inflamed,
 With feelings high, and spirits all untamed,
 He feels, through every vein, the passions pour
 Their headlong currents ; high his wishes soar,
 And oft as low descend : nor man, nor boy,
 He knows not yet, to suffer, or enjoy,
 Calmly,— but each extreme would fain explore.

O N H O R S E B A C K .

The noble horse
 That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils,
 Neighs courage to his rider. MASSINGER.

Lightly bounds my gallant steed,
 Starting from the goal away ;
 And my thoughts, from study freed,
 They too move as light and gay,
 Cheerful sounds around me ringing,
 Bright streams rippling, gay birds singing.

Soon the plain is hurried o'er ;
 Toil and care fall fast behind,
 Sorrow's sigh, and discord's roar,
 Dying on the distant wind,
 While with swift yet gentle motion,
 Bounds my steed, like waves of ocean.

White as ocean's foam his mane ;
And his smooth flanks dappled bright
With the leopard's varied stain,
Glisten on the dazzled sight,
As, his master's pleasure sharing,
Proud he prances, danger daring.

Buoyant spirits, feelings strong,
Lively hopes, and visions gay ;
Thoughts that flash, like fire, along,
Fancies, bright as beams of day,
Health's high pulse, youth's boundless treasure
Swells my heart's extatic measure.

Floating on the clear blue sky,
By the breezes wildly blown,
Yonder cloud sails swiftly by,
With a rapture like mine own ;
Lone, yet happy, heavenward tending,
Earth's dark shades with bright beams blending.

Labour's sons their toil may ply,
Delving deep in worthless lore :
Delve they deeper ! what care I
Such dark treasures to explore,
While yon sun, high o'er me shining,
Sends down wealth worth all their mining —

Stores of wealth in generous thought,
Treasures rich of feeling pure,
Truths, by liberal nature taught,
Hopes, that long as life endure ;

Earth-born hopes, yet proudly swelling
High as heaven, their native dwelling.

What though wide renown, and power,
Wait not on my humble course,
'Tis enough, should fortune lower,
If my mind, in native force,
Soar aloft, with fearless pinion,
Sovereign in her own dominion !

Slave to no base lure, or lust,
Be it still my steady aim;
Truth to win, in truth to trust ;
And to virtue's generous claim
Yield me freely, — careless ever
Of vain fortune's frown or favour.

T H E U N K N O W N B E A U T Y.

I.

The might, the majesty of loveliness. BYRON.

How warm and generous the devotion laid
By youth at beauty's shrine ! As unemployed,
One summer morn, my steps afar had strayed,
A steed came slowly by, — whereon a maid
Sat, wrapt in wonder, as her heart enjoyed
The lovely scene, — unconscious that man's eye,
E'en then, was kindling into sympathy
With that bright face, in pleasure unalloyed.

Ere long, surprised, yet haply not annoyed,
Her glance met mine : the blush, that came to die
Her glowing cheeks' carnation, made reply
To love's warm feelings, in my looks betrayed,
As lowly bowing, I prompt homage paid
To youthful beauty, hastening quickly by.

II.

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ?
SHAKSPEARE.

She passed me blushing : I have sought in vain,
In thronged assemblies since, and in the shade,
Where first we met, to meet again that maid ;
But though oft sought, and never found again,
The warm emotions of that hour remain,
In memory still of youthful love arrayed.
Though all unlikely, yet our flame, methought,
Was mutual there ; the fond conceit long stayed,
Deep on my heart impressed, that she too sought
Her absent lover. Oft that dream employed
My wayward thought, till fancy could adore
This unknown beauty, and desire no more.
Vain dream of youthful folly ! long enjoyed,
Till love, true love, the fancied bliss destroyed.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster!

SHAKSPEARE.

Oh ! who would slumber, this most glorious night,
In ill timed rest ; or, cowering by the ray
Of sordid lamp-light, wear his hours away,
In thankless study here ? The moon is bright ;
Our steeds are harnessed to the flying sleigh,
And forth we speed, our bosoms bounding light,
With merry shout, that chides our brief delay.
What sport is ours, o'erturned, and in the snow
Rolling together ! soon to rise again,
Then whirl exulting o'er the snow clad plain ;
Careless of danger, so our good steeds go
Swift to their destined goal, — while beauty's cheek
Is mantling fresh, with pleasure's ruddy streak,
Heightened, by winter's kiss, to loveliest glow.

THE DANCE.

His brow belied him if his soul was sad. BYRON.

And safe arrived, what joy awaits us now,
As answering to the viol's lively sound,
Feately, and gaily, in the dance we bound,
Hand linked in hand. Flushed cheek and glowing brow,

6*

Tell soon what transports such brief hours allow
 To youthful hearts ; nor pause nor rest is found,
 While swift, — to care 'unknown, — the moments fly,
 Chased by the laughing graces. Here, love's vow,
 Low whispered, fires the cheek ; and there the eye
 Speaks plain what one, at least, can well discern.
 Me, careless of such thoughts, the hours endow
 With joy's gay heritage of mirth and fun :
 Would it were lasting ! but too soon the sun
 Shines in, unwelcome, on our swift return.

DISSIPATION.

Just now we're living sound and hale —
 Then top and mainmast crowd the sail,
 Heave Care o'er side !
 And large before Enjoyment's gale
 Let's tak' the tide ! BURNS.

Away, thou greybeard Wisdom ! go —
 Art not ashamed to show thy face,
 Where jocund Pleasure mocks at wo,
 And youth with folly joins the chase ?
 This is for thee no fitting place :
 We move not here by square and rule,
 But live to laugh, and play the fool !

Ay, play the fool, in fitting time,
 Despite what sapless dotards say :
 Our pulse beats high, in merry chime,
 Our blood runs quick, our thoughts are gay,
 Our study now is sport and play :
 Then go, good grandsire ! haste along,
 We else may do thy grave looks wrong.

We would not that our mad pranks here,
Should grieve thee, Wisdom ! or offend ;
We fain would shun thy frown austere ;
Then go in peace, right reverend friend !
And should we need, we yet may send ;
For well we know, if aid we lack,
Experience soon brings Wisdom back.

Well — slow; but sure — he's out of sight —
Good riddance to his surly lower !
He'll not return again, to night,
To cloud with gloom our festive hour :
Meantime, light hands shall deck our bower,
And gay Hope weave a garland fair,
To wreath the brow of wrinkled care.

Come, broad faced Humour, lively, free,
Loud Laughter, foe to grief and pain,
Wild Frolic, come, and Revelry,
The jovial throng of Comus' train,
Bright Wit, gay Sport, rich Fancy's vein, —
Ye all are welcome, e'en the least,
When Pleasure spreads for Youth her feast.

But banish hence those foes of life,
Envy and Malice, and the brood
Of sullen furies, Wrath and Strife,
Contention dire, and Anger rude :
These shall not on our feast intrude ;
Nor thought of study, toil, or pain
The heyday of our mirth profane.

Good Cheer shall at our board preside,
And well fed Bounty with us sup ;
Nor Temperance quite forsake our side,
While gay we sip the red wine up,
Least Youth find poison in the cup,
If pushed too far, till Fancy feel
Her bright powers flag, and reason reel.

Should Wisdom, with a Tutor's face,
Unwonted sight ! again appear,
We'll e'en consent to give him place :
With hearty shout, and right good cheer,
Sir Gravity ! you're welcome here ;
And, sooth to say, since we're together,
We'll crown your cap with Folly's feather !

V I C E.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest. THOMPSON.

There is a wild and heartless mirth,
Which guilt on folly can bestow ;
It doth not spring from heaven or earth,
But hath its source in realms below :
The root whereon its branches grow,
Is Vice : all joy that thence takes birth,
Is madness, ending soon in wo.

The forced contempt that curls the lip,
The sneer of hate, the laugh of scorn,
Could we these false disguises strip,
Would show a heart by misery torn :
The galling yoke of grief is borne,
Heaviest, by those who madly sip
False pleasure's cup, with hearts forlorn.

And I have seen light pleasure fling
Her net o'er many a generous mind,
Entranced within her magic ring ;
While youth on pleasure's couch reclined,
In converse gay with wit refined,
Unconscious that guilt's deadly sting,
E'en there, his inmost soul might find.

The weal or wo, wherein we dwell,
The mind doth for itself create ;
And forms within the heaven or hell,
That makes, or mars, our changeful state :
Virtue alone can ope the gate
Of lasting joy, can grief repel,
Or meet, unmoved, the storms of fate.

E X C I T E M E N T.

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds. SHAKESPEARE.

If thou, in body to the earth allied,
Would'st in base joys thy sordid pleasures find,
Go, wallow in the sty ; and quench the pride
Of lofty thought, thy high aspiring mind,

In low and sensual pleasures, such as bind
Yon heedless revellers, in folly's den.
Excitement dost thou need ? Go, seek it then
 In strenuous thought, intent all truth to know ;
In action seek it, mid thy fellow men ;
 In virtuous feeling find it ; raise the low,
 Direct the erring, dry the tears that flow,
And bid thy light, the light of virtue, shine :
So shalt thou need nor feast, nor sparkling wine,
 Thy thought to feed, or bid thy fancy glow.

THE JUNIOR.

And time, who changes all, had altered him,
In soul and aspect, as in age. BYRON.

The Junior Sophister has learned, at length,
 That license is not freedom ; that control,
 Howe'er ungrateful to the youthful soul,
Gives aim to effort, and to action strength :
 For painful doubt, he seeks the known relief
 Of settled truth, in well assured belief :
Reverence hath won submission in his mind
 To rightful power. The College honors now
 Though late despised, he fears not to avow
Meet objects of desire ; nor fails to find
 The Clubs' mysterious brotherhood assert
 Its kindling power o'er feelings else inert, —
Ambition rousing, with high hopes combined,
 That long o'er life their potent sway exert.

INFLUENCE OF MIND ON MATTER.

Mind is the ruling power, that moulds at will
 The world of matter, — finding in its forms
 But outward images of inbred thought.

External nature borrows half its grace
 From mind, which, kindled by its native fires,
 Projects abroad the beauty it admires.
 To sorrow's leaden eye, creation's face
 Is clothed in gloom, and discontent retires
 Sullen from loveliest scenes ; while tempests bring
 But nobler music, on their sounding wing,
 To hearts attuned to harmony within.
 Hence earth is what man makes it ; to the low,
 The weak, the sordid, one wide den of wo,
 Of base compulsion, and ignoble sin ;
 But lovely to the good, and to the wise,
 Whose souls its seeming din can harmonize,
 Clothed in the beauty happy thoughts bestow.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

Our feelings sanctify e'en senseless things ;
 And the wide world, in cheerful loveliness,
 Returns to us its joy. WILSON.

To such, all earth is lovely ; and this frame
 Of things created, — whether great or small,
 From insect atoms to earth's pendent ball, —
 Each hath its charm and glory, each its claim,

Its scope, its purpose, its peculiar aim,
 Its form of beauty, seen alike in all —
 Wrought by that hand divine, which can educe
 From forms unnumbered never ending use :
 Nor use alone His purposes proclaim,
 But pleasure and endearments, that infuse
 The sense of beauty, and the heart inflame
 With love of nature, grace with grandeur joined :
 Hence Taste, and Plastic Art, the tuneful Muse,
 And each fine issue of the polished mind.

II.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
 With stinted kindness ; — purifying thus
 The elements of feeling and of thought.

WORDSWORTH.

Where'er we turn, the Beautiful is still
 Within and round us ; seen in hill and dale,
 In waving wood, deep glen, and cottaged vale,
 In quiet lake, broad stream, and sparkling rill ;
 In dew-gemmed meadows, vocal with the trill
 Of wild wood warblers, pouring on the gale
 Their joyous throats ; felt livelier in the flow
 Of pure affections, cherished in the glow
 Of manly thoughts, and feelings that incline
 To virtuous deeds ; nor seen more lovely, clear,
 In beauty's smile, than pity's generous tear.
 These mould the ductile thoughts, the graceful shrine
 Of Taste adorn, and beauty's arbour rear,
 Sky-lighted, mantled with the clustering vine.

III.

A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self. BYRON.

Who loves not beauty ? beauty in the grass,
The grain, the grove, in gently winding streams,
The moon's mild ray, and morning's rosy beams.
Brighter in living forms, the moving mass
Of insect life, bird, beast, with beauty teems :
Nor rests it here ; the human face divine
Blends grace of form with beauties of the mind,
Deep thought with generous feeling, reason joined
With warm emotion : hence all charms combine
Highest in virtuous action ; hence the grace
Loveliest of earthly forms, gives willing place
To moral beauty, where pure virtues shine ;
And hence, in happy bosoms, beauty's fruit
Is hope, joy, love, devotion, from one root.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

The high-born soul,
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. AKENSIDE.

Love is Devotion with a milder name ;
And Piety but turns that love from earth
To higher hopes, and joys of nobler birth.
Lovely, not less than sacred, is the flame

Of pure devotion : earth, like heaven, may claim
 Its portion of true bliss, when pure hearts know
 Love's fervid truth, in virtue's generous glow.
 The good and fair from kindred fountains rise,
 Commingling gently, as they onward flow,
 In dews of love, exhaling to the skies.
 Heaven is but earth sublimed ; and man may trace
 Emblems of holiness, and power divine,
 In earth-born loveliness of form and face,
 Where youth in meekness kneels at virtue's shrine.

T H E T R U T H O F N A T U R E.

Truth is immortal : time and change but prey
 On shows and shadows, insubstantial things,
 Which, life-like oft, and specious to the eye,
 Are false and hollow yet within.

True thought, and genuine feeling never die :
 Inborn and glowing, from the teeming heart
 And mind impregnate, into life they start,
 In forms of beauty that can time defy.
 Whate'er the task true genius may essay, —
 Sculpture, or music, or the poet's lay,
 By pen, by pencil, or if voiced on high
 By tongue of orator inspired, whose sway,
 The listening crowd, with willing hearts, obey, —
 Whate'er the form, if strength of thought be there,
 And genial warmth, to nature's impulse true,
 Feelings are roused, which time's rude hand must spare,
 A truth revealed, no age can e'er subdue,
 With earth coeval, and her date to share.

MUSIC.

Soft music makes me sad ; as if its tones
 Were turned to discord, by the jar and din
 Of evil passions — earth's loud dissonance
 Of sordid purposes and selfish aims.

Art is but nature's finer sense express,
 In forms idealized. The graver's style,
 The brush, string, chisel, voice, each acts, the while,
 Its fitting part ; to eye or ear address,
 In shape, or hue, in tune, or spoken sounds.
 Music of these may earliest lineage claim,
 Child of the grove ! what time the gay birds* came,
 Warbling, self-taught, while earth with joy resounds,
 Eve's bridal song, through Eden's verdant bounds.
 Love first waked music : and the tuneful mind
 Pours still, thro' thrilling notes, with rapture fraught,
 In one deep symphony of passion joined,
 Hope, fear, love, joy,— whate'er of earnest thought,
 Or ardent feeling, sound from soul hath caught.

SCULPTURE.

I.

Chained to the chariot of triumphant art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart. BYRON.

Nature is perfect, yet can Art improve
 On that perfection ; for 'tis her's to join
 All forms of beauty, and in one combine
 Their scattered glories, and each shade remove :

* Lucretius, Lib. V. l. 1378.

Hence works of art, that mingle awe with love,
 Natural, yet superhuman ; forms divine,
 Yet earth-born, quarried from the living mine
 Of truth and grandeur in the artist's soul.
 'Tis his on nature's beauties to refine,
 Her charms improve, and pour around the whole
 The master mind creative ; for when such
 His noblest work to latest time would give,
 The stone, grown flexible beneath his touch,
 Breathes silent thought, and marble learns to live.

II.

'Twas but a block of lifeless stone
 Angelo, Phidias, wrought upon,
 Worthless in other hands ;
 Yet they could form to sculpture give,
 That bade the cold dead marble live,
 While earth's foundation stands.

Who that has gazed, in rapture's silent dream,
 On thee, O Queen of Love ! till, in his sight,
 Thy modest charms, with warm emotion teem ;
 Or hung, in prouder glow of wrapt delight,
 On Phœbus, victor in the archer fight ;
 Laocoön's pain, the Gladiator's gleam
 Of sadly parting life ; or, down the stream
 Floating with time, has fixed his earnest gaze,
 On matchless monuments of later days,
 His of the Julian tomb and Martyr's fane,
 Canova, Chantrey, or the deathless Dane ;
 Who but has felt that marble, in such strife,
 Transcends, in lasting power, the real life ;
 Life, matched with highest art, found weak and vain.

P A I N T I N G.

They are, in truth, the substance, we the shadows.
WORDSWORTH.

Nor less the Painter, with his brush, can spread
Enchantment round him, studious still to trace
Each form of grandeur and supernal grace ;
Where light and shade their blended beauties shed
O'er depth and distance, posture, limb, and face ;
Till Mind, the great Invisible, portrayed,
Stands brightly forth, in living light arrayed.
Thoughts, evanescent as the frown, or smile,
On beauty's changeful cheek, love, joy, hope, fear,
In lasting colours fixed, unchanging here,
Inform with life the canvass ; and beguile
Far distant strangers, ages hence, whose praise
Can ne'er the artist reach, lone laid, the while,
In death's dark realms, unconscious of their gaze.

M O R N I N G W A L K.

Go, breathe the morning air, and feel its touch,
On thy wan cheek, more soothing to the soul,
Than sleep, or medicine, to the languid frame.

Though wild scenes charm, yet dearer far to me
The quiet walk, in spring tide, through the glade,
At early dawn, when forest birds have made
Yon grove harmonious with wild notes of glee.

There, all unseen, I wander in the shade,
 To gaze on nature, in her charms arrayed,
 Mid hum of insects, and the murmuring bee ;
 To breathe the freshness of the morning air,
 With odours, wafted from each budding tree,
 And opening wild flower, — rich beyond compare,
 In dewy lustre bright, and perfumed sweet as fair.
 Existence then is pleasure ; and to be
 Suffices, in that joyous reverie
 Of waking dreams, and thoughts unknown to care.

E V E N I N G W A L K.

I.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, when we are least alone. BYRON.

Nor less thy charms, O Nature ! touch the heart
 Of thoughtful youth, what time the balmy air
 Of twilight bids his wandering steps repair
 To sylvan shades ; and draws, with gentle art,
 His willing thoughts from grovelling cares apart,
 To gaze on ether, and the lonely star
 Of Hesper, urging, in his pearly car,
 Through realms of beauty, his unwearied race.
 Mind then its piercing glance can send afar,
 Past earth's close confines, and the gates unbar
 Of highest heaven ; while Fancy pants to trace,
 In realms unknown of being yet to be,
 " Those thoughts that wander through eternity,"
 Alike unbounded, or in time, or space.

II.

Wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour to embrace
 Majestic forms ? AKENSIDE.

Deem not such thoughts abstruse unknown to youth :

Sense of Infinitude is to the mind
 Innate, essential, fixed, though undefined,
 Its fountain nature, and its issues truth.

Man is not wholly flesh ; but deep enshrined
 Lie powers illimitable, thoughts that dwell
 Native in man, and indestructible, —

The thoughts of boundless wisdom, goodness, power :
 Rays are they of divinity, a flame,
 That to the heavens aspiring, whence it came,
 New strength acquires with each revolving hour :
 Centre and source alike of worth and fame,
 Of all that, rising into good or great,
 Transcends the narrow bounds of mortal date.

W A L K I N W I N T E R.

I.

Mother severe of infinite delights. THOMPSON.

Tis winter, and the mid-day's dazzling light
 Is flashing from the pure incrusted snow :
 Though cold, yet bracing, are the winds that blow,
 Grateful to youth, exulting in its might.

Fanned by the boreal blasts, in healthful glow
 Of ruddy cheeks, we climb the sylvan height,
 Wild joys to share, which winter can bestow,
 Plenteous on those, who shrink not, with affright,
 From scenes which awe, yet rouse, the daring soul.
 A voice as of the mighty deep is here ;
 The winds are busy mid the branches seré,
 Their huge tops swaying, onward as they roll,
 Prelusive of the swelling clouds that bear
 Heaven's stormy music on the troubled air.

II.

Wandering, at eve, with finely frenzied eye,
 Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood !

COLERIDGE.

Power rouses kindred power the soul within :
 No tamer pleasures can with his compare
 Who sends his soaring thoughts abroad, to dare
 The turbulence of nature, and to win,
 Mid tumult of the tempest's angry din,
 Enjoyment, in the consciousness of power,
 Self-held ; to highest might then most akin,
 When worst assailed, in danger's darkest hour.
 Weak minds, beneath the coming storm, may cower ;
 But bolder spirits rise to keener life,
 And feel, with each assault, fresh vigour spring ;
 Self-poised, like yonder eagle, mid the strife
 Of warring winds, that rush, in vain, to wring
 One feather from his broad imperial wing !

THE OCEAN.

I.

Calm, or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or, in the torid clime,
Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime.

BYRON.

Bred inland, I had reached my fifteenth year,
Ere yet the waves of ocean on my sight
Rolled in their glory. My intense delight,
When first I saw those living waves uprear
Their crested heads, lives in my memory clear,
As seen but yesterday. Along the shore,
The storm had wrecked its fury ; and the day,
New risen, looked wildly on the angry roar
Of ocean, thundering on that rock girt bay.
My spirit was not by the scene subdued,
But kindled rather ; as dilating wide
It rose, o'er ocean's boundless amplitude,
In might of mind, with power, as if to ride,
Triumphant, master-like, above the tide.

II.

I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was e'en the gentlest of all gentle things.

WORDSWORTH.

Again I sought that headland's rocky crest
O'erlooking ocean, — silent and alone,
Where human habitation there was none,
Nor work of man. The sun was in the west ;

The waves lay slumbering on the parent breast ;
 The winds, that late had swept the deep, were flown,
 Each to his cave : all nature seemed at rest.
 Thoughtful I watched the steady ebb and flow,
 That, far as eye could reach, or thought extend,
 Rolled on, in calmness, and in power below,
 Power without effort, motion without end ;
 Which, as I gazed, seemed, God-like, still to grow
 On my awed thoughts, — till ocean's mildest mood,
 Serene in grandeur, all my soul subdued.

THE WHITE HILLS.

I.

Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons
 Magnanimous ; nor shall these eyes behold,
 Elsewhere, an object dear, and sweet as she.
 COWPER'S ODYSSEY.

Thy varied scenes blend grace, my native land !
 With grandeur ; here the tranquil lake,
 And there the roaring torrent,— streams that break,
 Impetuous rushing, from thy mountain strand,
 With headlong force, that scoops the yielding sand,
 And wears down granite. Lo ! where towering nigh,
 His shoulders mantled with yon swelling cloud,
 Whence lightnings flash, and thunders roar aloud,
 Mount Washington ascends his native sky !
 Armed with the avalanche, he sweeps afar
 Man and his works, — his caverns stored with snow,
 Coeval with the rock. Like some lone star,
 Above the storm, he looks on earth below,
 Serene in silence, from his throne on high.

II.

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity. BYRON.

Serene, sublime, in silence, from thy throne,
Thou look'st, dread monarch ! wide o'er earth around,
Deep awe inspiring, awe till now unknown,
Dark, undefined, that humbles to the ground
Aspiring pride. Man's spirit bows before
Such majesty of might, nor labours more
To measure strength with heaven. Earth's giant brood,
The Titan monsters, on their beds of fire,
Pressed by thy stern rebuke, in vain aspire
To shake thee from thy seat : the lava flood,
Deep heaving from the centre, unsubdued,
Moves not thy steadfast base ; nor tempests dire,
Tornade, and torrent, thundering at thy side,
Change thy stern brow, severe in lordly pride.

III.

My joy is in the wilderness to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top. BYRON.

What are thy thoughts, proud mount ! as with a frown,
Darkening with dread the distant vales below,
Thou lower'st, thus sternly, on our march, while slow
We climb the steep ascent ? Would'st thou send down

Some bolt of vengeance from thy rocky crown,
To crush our daring course ? Proud mountain ! know
Man is thy master : freely shall he go
High o'er thy topmost towers ; and thou shalt find,
In these frail forms, sublimities of mind,
That dwarf thy giant bulk ; a brighter ray,
More lofty heights, enduring powers, that last
When mountains moulder, and their pride is past.
Mind over matter holds e'en here its sway,
E'en here commands, while subject realms obey.

IV.

Mind, mind alone, — bear witness earth and heaven, —
The living fountain in itself contains,
Of beauteous and sublime. AKENSIDE.

Alike in generous feeling and high thought
The grand, the lofty, the sublime we see :
Yon mighty mountain towers less gloriously,
Than he, — the patriot chief, — whom nations sought
Vainly to honor by such monument.
In native virtue great, he stood the same,
When fortune frowned on worth, as when she lent
Her aid, how needless ! to augment his fame.
Nor, in the eye of reason, is the toil
Of humbler virtue, in the vale of life,
Where modest worth can passion's onset foil,
And truth maintain with error's hosts the strife,
Less glorious, than the fame that patriots gain
In camp, or court, high hall, or battle plain.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

The Mountain is awake ; and hark ! his voice
Rings like a giant's, joyous in his sport, —
Joyous, yet changeful still ; in torrents here,
Loud thundering, whispering there, in gentle rills,
That, soft as zephyr's sigh, breathe love and joy
And gladness to all hearts.

The Mountains yield no fairer sight
Than, mid these steep alcoves,
Th' unnumbered streams that burst to light,
Where'er my foostep roves.

Bright waters from the mountain urns,
Come rushing down each glen,
Where'er the eye delighted turns,
In crouds like moving men.

And full of life, as human forms,
Rejoicingly and gay,
Alike in sunshine and in storms,
They speed along their way.

Each tiny rill leaps lightly down,
All careless of the shock ;
And laughs amid the sullen frown
Of precipice and rock.

And pausing now its waters lay,
A moment at my feet,
Spread mirror-like, then haste away
Its kindred streams to meet.

Still onward swiftly as they pass,
Each joins his fellow rill ;
Till, swollen at length, the mighty mass
Sweeps down the sundered hill.

The fount that scarce sufficed to cool
My burning breast e'en now,
A headlong torrent, scorning rule,
Bursts from the mountain's brow.

What late, with light or careless stride,
The foot of youth had crost,
Rolls soon, a deep and rapid tide,
Afar, in distance lost !

And is not human life portrayed
In this fair stream aright ;
As gushing from its parent glade,
And sparkling into light,

It sweeps with gathering strength along,
Oft flashing into wrath ;
Like manhood, swelling, deep as strong,
Along its sounding path.

How changed, from when, all life and glee,
Its waters leaped for joy ;
Rejoicing, from its fount set free,
Like heart of happy boy !

Subsiding into milder mood,
It wanders o'er the plain,
Till tamed by toil, by time subdued,
It mingles with the main.

Thus time will urge life's gliding bark
Still onward to the sea ;
Till lost amid thy billows dark,
Unknown Eternity !

Alas ! for men's impatient mind,
Impatient as the stream,
That hastes to leave youth's joys behind,
For manhood's darker dream.

But I, not yet, will quit thy side,
Fair streamlet ! sporting free,
Pleased rather, longer to abide,
Amid the hills with thee.

Methinks, in these deep solitudes,
Might nymph or dryad dwell,
Where no rude step of man intrudes,
To break fair fancy's spell.

E'en now, from yonder distant glen,
A voice is in mine ear;
Unheard in haunts of busy men,
Deep felt in silence here.

Tis nature's self, with soft control,
That speaks in that deep voice ;
That bids her son, with kindling soul,
In all her works rejoice.

And gladly his fond heart believes
Such promptings from above ;
Her charms explores, her truth receives
And triumphs in her love.

Each shade of discontent retires,
With sorrows troubled dreams ;
While hope revives, and high desires
Flash bright as mountain streams.

SCENES FROM THE PAST.

BOOK THIRD.

C O N T E N T S.

THE Senior—Developement of the Poetic Faculty—Design and Execution—Poetic Feelings—Benefactions of Genius—The Prophets—Milton—Homer—Tasso—Shakspeare—Pope—Poetic Inspiration—Free Enquiry—Doubt—The Birth of Truth—Metaphysics—Original Genius—Imitation—Moral Truth—Duty—Conscience—Virtue—Knowledge—My Chum—College Friendships—The Farewell—The Departure—The Centennial Celebration—Conclusion.

YOUTH

OR

SCENES FROM THE PAST.

BOOK THIRD.

THE SENIOR.

The fields, e'en now, are white with waving grain :
Then thrust thy sickle, busy reaper ! in,
And cradle largely, on the cultured plain,
The rich ripe harvest that thy toil must win.

My senior year was studious, bent to gain
Whate'er my careless hours had lost before ;
Industrious, to make good the needed store
Of studies, valued now, though urged in vain
By age on greener years. The idle train
Of confident and vaunting thoughts, no more,
Hold in the mind, the sway they held of yore :
Yet not the less does confidence remain,
By time now more assured. The Senior feels
His rising consequence ; each act reveals,
In pride of place, the vigour that, of right,
Claims precedence ; but deeply conscious now,
That toil must arm him for the coming fight,
Labour is written on his thoughtful brow.

DESIGN AND EXECUTION.

" He spake, and it was done ! " not so
 When man, the maker, would endue
 His thought with life. Imperfect, slow,
 And still to inward sense untrue,
 His words and deeds oft half conceal
 The thoughts they purpose to reveal.

Performance is at best the halting slave
 Of high Endeavour ; impotent to speak
 The mind's foregone conceptions, all too weak
 The forms to fix which glowing fancy gave :
 'Twas hence the dying Maro would not save
 Th' unfinished Æneid from devouring flames,
 So far his high performance fell below
 His mind's proud aim ! and hence the tears that flow
 From thee, young Ammon ! while ambition claims
 New worlds for conquest, that thy deeds may show
 Semblance of thy high thoughts. Compound of pride
 And diffidence, of weakness joined with power,
 Man soars and sinks, th' immortal of an hour,
 Though finite, to the infinite allied.

POETIC FEELINGS.

I.

— Well, let them fade : I can replace,
 With brighter visions, those that vanish now,
 And multiply, at will, their rainbow hues.
 What need I more ?

" Many are poets, who have never penned
 Their inspirations, and perhaps the best."*
 Such " silent poets,"† lyrists of the breast, —
 These " mute inglorious Miltos,"‡ know to blend,

* Byron. † Wordsworth. ‡ Gray.

In their own bosoms, harmonies that lend
 To life enchantment : skilled o'er all to fling
 The magic of romance, self-satisfied,
 They ask not ampler scope for power or pride ;
 "Unlaurelled upon earth,"* they spread their wing
 For loftier flight, rejoiced to leave behind
 "That last infirmity of noble mind,"†
 The weakness that, in fame, seeks guerdon due
 To generous aims ; which Genius still should find
 In his own joyous thoughts and feelings true.

II.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
 Which only poets know. COWPER.

Not for applause of men, or triumphs vain
 Of shouting multitudes, doth genius toil :
 Self-crowned, the conscious victor wins the spoil,
 And wears the garland, when high thoughts attain
 Developement within. If there they reign,
 There triumph still, what matters it to him
 That others scorn his raptures, or would fain,
 With envy's murky cloud, his glories dim ?
 Little heeds he, — that blind old bard, whose dreams
 Nightly Urania visits, with bright gleams
 Surpassing mortal, — what the Belial crew
 Of earth-prone grovellers of his vision deems :
 Enough for him, that still bright fancy teems ;
 He asks not audience large, but fit, though few.

* Byron. † Milton.

BENEFACTIONS OF GENIUS.

Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy. BYRON.

Yet has true genius still the generous aim
To share its treasures with the world of men :
And hence each wrapt enthusiast of the pen,
That small, but potent instrument of fame,
Traces, in lines of light and living flame,
Bright forms of fancy, to the vulgar ken
Else inaccessible : yet, once portrayed,
They live forever, peopling each low glen.
And dark recess, with purest forms divine
Of grace and grandeur — fated still to shine,
When he, their mighty maker, in the shade
Sleeps, all unconscious of his high renown :
Say rather, that his spirit now hath made
New conquests; winning yet a brighter crown.

THE PROPHETS.

They grow like the cedar of Lebanon —
Even in old age, they bring forth fruit ;
They are green and full of sap. NOYES' PSALMS.

The Hebrew bards and prophets, in my breast
First roused poetic feeling, while I mused
On orient splendours, o'er their page diffused,
In colours gorgeous as the glowing west

Shed ever, at the setting sun's behest.

Sublime, pathetic, lovely, deep infused

With earnest thought, from earth's low bondage loosed,
They rise, on wings of fire, to realms of rest.

The touching tenderness of David, shown

In grateful praise, or sorrow sore exprest

For sinful deed ; Job's high indignant tone

Of injured virtue ; Amoz' daring son,

And he, who wept their woes at Babylon,

I loved them all, all other bards unknown.

M I L T O N.

On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with danger compassed round,
And solitude. PARADISE LOST.

Trained in the Hebrew schools, and from their well
Drawing deep draughts, came Milton ; prophet, fired
With kindred ardour, and, if less inspired,
Not less poetic. His the notes that swell
Angelic anthems : powers, in heaven that dwell,
Breathe life around him : high his genius towers
With Satan, warring now 'gainst heavenly powers,
And now triumphant on the throne of hell.
Clad in sublimity of daring thought,
Yet could he wreath, at will, his harp with flowers,
Lovely as Eve in Eden, mid the bowers
Of primal innocence. Such beauty, fraught
With sweet attractive grace and softness; ne'er
Tempered before such majesty austere.

H O M E R.

I.

Oft from th' Ionian peasant did HE beg,
 Ay, beg, and was denied, the food and rest
 Frail nature craves : yet him, the rhapsodist,
 Chance-fed, and hovel-sheltered, Time hath crowned
 Immortal among men.

My young poetic reading was confined,
 Long time, to Homer, — in the garb arrayed
 Of Pope's mellifluous English, — where displayed,
 In glowing forms, the Grecian fire, combined,
 With modern art and manners more refined,
 Could charm at once and rouse me. Greece and Troy
 In combat mingling on the Dardan plain,
 Æneas, Hector, the fond father's joy,
 The fair Andromache's presaging fear,
 Proud Agamemnon, base Thersites' vein,
 Wronged Menelaus, lovely Helen's tear,
 Soft Paris flying, brave Sarpedon slain,
 Ulysses, Ajax, Nestor, Priam's age,
 Petroclus slaughtered, and Achilles' rage.

II.

Him partially the Muse
 And early loved, yet gave him good and ill ;
 She quenched his sight, but gave strains divine.
 COWPER'S ODYSSEY.

Nor less the Olympian powers my thoughts engage :
 Jove, Juno, Phœbus, Neptune's wide domain ;
 Swart Vulcan, limping mid the glittering train
 Of throned divinities ; Minerva sage,

Alike with valour and deep thought imbued ;
 The rolling Xanthus, with his billowy rage
 Ingulfing armies, yet by man subdued ;
 Chaste Dian, huntress of the sylvan plain,
 Mars, Venus, Saturn, Pluto's gloomy reign ;
 The myriad forms, that, peopling earth and air,
 Unseen yet present, rule o'er earth and main,
 Whose adverse aid contending armies share ;
 These fired my fancy, wrapt in visions high
 Of warring Gods, and councils of the sky.

TASSO.

Glory without end
 Scatters the clouds ; and on that name attend
 The tears and praises of all time. BYRON.

Tasso first opened, on my wondering gaze,
 Thy world, O Chivalry ! till then unknown ;
 Romance and knightly faith, the valour shown
 On mortal and immortal foes ; the blaze
 Of that fierce fire, which burned in elder days,
 And still, though softened, wide o'er earth hath thrown
 Bright sparkles of high honour, that atone,
 Haply, for deeds else winning little praise ;
 Wild deeds of frantic passion, war, and strife,
 By reckless valour waged, in scorn of life.
 Nor less 'twas his on gentler themes to dwell
 Of tender love, the bard, whose heart aspired
 To match with prince's blood, till passion fired
 His soul to madness in his narrow cell.

S H A K S P E A R E.

I.

I am the king himself, —
 Ay, every inch a king. LEAR.

Would that my verse were worthier, while I sing
 Thy praise, O Shakspeare ! so thine ear might lend
 No unpleased audience, while my numbers blend
 Thy wood notes wild, with sounds that faintly ring
 From feebler harps. Thou, e'en in wildest mood,
 Art still to nature true, thy mind imbued
 With inbred wisdom : not earth's sagest pen
 More true to life, than thy pervading ken,
 That glanced o'er earth, and all its movements view'd.
 The many-branching maze of human thought
 To thee lay open ; thy keen eye had caught
 Each subtle turn, and all its paths pursued ;
 Till highest truths, in richest fancy drest,
 Lived in each thought, and all thy soul possest.

II.

When he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still ;
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honied sentences.
 HENRY V.

Not greatly did he err, the priest, who said
 His Bible, and thy page to him sufficed,
 Shakspeare ! for knowledge : other books he prized,
 But these were peerless ; these he daily read

For truths, divine and human ; well advised
That wisdom here, as at the fountain head,
Her pure streams poured, her richest verdure spread.

Bright child of fancy ! sporting on the verge
Of utmost sense, 'tis thine, at will, to stray,
Familiar through all bounds, nor lose thy way ;

Or, haply lost, yet quickly to emerge
From seeming darkness to unclouded day ;
Broad as man's nature, thy capacious soul
Surveyed all worlds, and harmonized the whole.

P O P E.

Late, very late, correctness was our care —
E'en copious Dryden knew not, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

With rays resplendent, in the realms of fame,
Shines Pope's bright star. Albeit not first in place,
Yet high, among the mighty, stands that name,
By few surpassed. What though there fail the race
Of giant genius, in their stead we trace
No pygmy brood ; and Pope o'er these may claim
Justly preeminence. With judgment clear,
Bright wit, and satire keen, if daring thought
And lofty fancy less in him appear,
His aim not less was worthy ; wisely taught,
“ He stooped to truth, and moralized his song ; ”
And hence his muse, in strains that will not die,
Breathes love of virtue, manly, generous, strong,
With scorn for vice, though throned, or mitred high.

POETIC INSPIRATION.

I.

The vision and the faculty divine. WORDSWORTH.

Tis the prerogative of genius still
 To waken imitation ; to infuse
 In others kindred feelings, and produce
 In all like ardour. At the muses' rill
 Not long I drink, delighted, ere the thrill
 Of transport fires me. How can I refuse
 When Homer calls, or Maro ? Milton's muse
 Speaks, monarch-like, with potency of will,
 That brooks not question ; Shakspeare's magic strain
 Of deep enchantment, never heard in vain,
 Wakes kindling thoughts ; nor soon, nor long forgot,
 Is Moore's bright fancy, Byron's stormful power,
 Burns, Southey, Campbell, Crabbe, the minstrel Scott,
 Nor Wordsworth, thoughtful in his rural bower.

II.

From heaven descends
 The flame of genius to the human breast,
 And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
 And Inspiration. AKENSIDE.

Hence not with borrowed lustre, but from fire
 Self-kindled, in his own pure heart to burn,
 The bard must warm his fancies ; nor can turn
 For aid to others' thoughts, who would aspire

To strike, with fearless hand, the living lyre.
The fountains of deep thought within, unsealed,
Must pour their treasures forth. Bright truths lie hid,
Pure, unadulterate, in depths concealed
Of self-confiding souls ; and spring, unbid,
In music forth, to earnest hearts revealed,
That heed their promptings : not the parrot strain
Of mock-bird imitation, weak as vain ;
But truths of thought and feeling, such as rise,
Spontaneous springing in the good and wise.

III.

Yet was poetic impulse given
By the green hill, and clear blue heaven. SCOTT.

What wonder if, so nurtured mid the quire
Of heaven-throned poets, my young hopes would fain
Grasp kindred power, ambitious to attain
The rare found honors of the sounding lyre.
Not that my muse presumptuous dared aspire,
In wildest dream, to swell the epic strain :
The love of nature waked a gentler train
Of milder contemplations ; while the fire
Of youthful feeling, warm in passion's glow,
Fused my rough verse, and taught its strains to flow.
Lone walks in autumn, joyous sports in spring,
Soft twilight's balmy breath, old ocean's roar,
'The wild wood's wilder music, and far more,
Thy smile, O Beauty ! taught my heart to sing.

IV.

Oft have I bade the Muse farewell ;
 And sought as oft her haunted cell ;
 Oft lingered, till her partial smile
 Could grief assuage, and care beguile.

True liegeman of the Muse did ne'er proclaim
 Her favours few, or worthless. Though on few
 Her richest gifts she showers, to such is due
 Justly the recompence of lasting fame.
 Earth knows no splendour purer than the flame
 That radiates from the brow of bard divine,
 When, from the fount within, clear, sparkling, strong,
 He pours o'er life's dull wastes the tide of song.
 Yet not to such the muse's gifts confine,
 Nor deem to these alone her joys belong :
 The ocean tides, on each wide shore that beat,
 Have yet their smaller waves, and streams that fill
 Each creek and inlet : haply some bright rill
 May reach, at times, e'en this my far retreat.

F R E E I N Q U I R Y.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. COWPER.

Truth dwells with reason, in the pure clear light
 Of free inquiry ; Error in the den
 Of power despotic, where the minds of men,
 By force, by fraud, by superstition's might,

Are dwarfed, and dwindle from their native height.

Man's primal attribute, which tongue and pen
Alike should vindicate, is fearless thought.

All else is false, or worthless : life is vain,
If custom, creed, opinion's galling chain,
Bow down the soul, with fear of change inwrought.

Force wounds the mind, worse than the body's pain,
With sense of wrong intolerable fraught.

Claim then, O man ! as birthright of mankind,
Freedom of thought, and fearlessness of mind.

D O U B T.

Modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise. SHAKSPARE.

Doubts spring, full oft, with knowledge ; and extend
Furthest in strongest minds ; the minds that soar
Highest for truth, and subtlest thoughts explore :
Hence new inquiries, questions without end,
And doubts, still springing, as their issues tend
To adverse answers ; marring oft the store
Of past acquirements, valued now no more,
Deemed false, uncertain, or of small avail.

Yet fear not thence the issue, so thy mind,
On truth intent, to virtue be inclined.
The winds of doubtful doctrine may assail
Truth's flexile branches ; but the trunk and root
Gain strength by agitation, and the fruit,
Mid storms of error ripened, ne'er can fail.

THE BIRTH OF TRUTH.

I.

I will speak, that I may be relieved. — NOYES' JOB.

Who hath not felt, at times, his mind o'erwrought
 With inbred agony of stirring thought ;
 With consciousness that Truth, pent up within,
 Burns in his breast, like burthen of deep sin,
 And must be forth ? Though oft reproach and pain
 Wait on the births of time, yet, in his brain,
 The germ of nascent truth is struggling still
 For form and utterance — moulding thought and will,
 Unseen, deep felt, with nature's plastic power,
 In darkness working sure ; till lo ! the hour
 Predestined comes, when fire-eyed Truth to life
 Springs, Pallas-like, all armed for instant strife ;
 For strife with error armed, the Titan brood
 Of vice and folly, foiled, but unsubdued.

II.

Truth, like virtue, can be won
 But by resolute endeavour :
 Error's waves, that round her run,
 Foam, and roar, but move her never :
 Calm she stands, mid passion's shock,
 Firm, unshaken as the rock.

Like giant sentinels, stand Fear and Doubt,
 Ever at Truth's strong gates : who enters here
 Must Doubt subdue, nor shrink, o'ercome, by Fear ;
 Else shall he dwell despairingly without,

In darkness dwell, with fear and headlong rout ;
 With blind uncertainty, and error's brood
 Of vice in league with folly. These subdued,
 No foe remains : Truth's portals wide unfold,
 And lo ! the Goddess radiant on her throne.
 The clouds dissolve, by misty error rolled
 Round human thought, and doubt and dread are flown ;
 Truth smiles, well pleased, on Virtue at her side ;
 And bright eyed Beauty, pleasure's rosy bride,
 Comes, joy-attended, to pale fear unknown.

M E T A P H Y S I C S.

I.

“ My mind is my kingdom ” — then surely 'tis meet
 Its wants to examine, its wealth to explore ;
 To trace up its streams, through each winding retreat,
 Its vales for rich pasture, its mountains for ore.

Long time, I laboured in the darksome mine
 Of deep enquiry ; fruitful oft times found
 In error ; fruitful more, in thoughts profound
 And truths of highest worth ; truths at whose shrine
 Mind bows in homage, as to power divine.
 No narrow range my ardent search could bound ;
 Nor toils subdue, nor coward fears debar
 My eager quest, through realms of thought afar,
 Mid gloom of darkness, o'er entangled ground,
 With subtle disputants, in wordy war,
 So doubt but lead, at last, to doctrines sound.
 Each rising light I hailed, each wandering star,
 Thy sons, O Genius ! blazing bright around,
 So bright, alas ! they dazzle and confound.

II.

Though hard the soil, and cold the clime may be,
 Tis native to the thoughtful and the free ;
 And rich the products studious toil may gain
 From wastes, that frown along that bleak domain.

Hobbes' startling paradox, and power intense
 Of compact thought ; Locke's free and fearless mind ;
 Hume's subtle truth and sophistry refined ;
 The rugged ore of Butler's sterling sense ;
 Smith's glow of sympathetic eloquence ;
 Reid's power of patient thought, devoid of art ;
 The graceful Stewart's polished mind and heart,
 Could each, in turn, to me its aids dispense :
 My aim, through all, the secret haunts to win
 Of human nature, and the world within ;
 That master science, whence all others flow,
 That central height sublime, where spreading wide,
 In varied prospect, seen on every side,
 Thy realms, O Thought ! lie clear and bright below.

ORIGINAL GENIUS.

I.

I will not jump with common spirits,
 Nor rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 SHAKSPEARE.

Hobbes' said, nor need we here his speech gainsay,
 " If I had read as much as other men,
 I should have known as little !" Prone to stray,
 Dogmatic, cold, contemptuous, yet his pen

Traced even his own thoughts ; no babble vain
Of idle words, or senseless sounds inane,

But clear, precise, with pregnant meaning fraught,
His own, and not another's. He might err,
None more, or wider ; but he knew to stir,

In other minds, the germs of living thought ;
And this is Genius : yet he failed in part,

And that the noblest ; reason's power alone,
The hard, dry intellect, to him was known,
Unconscious, or disdainful of the heart.

II.

'Though Wit, in pleasure's laughing bower,
Springs free, mid social mirth,
Tis Contemplation's lonely hour
Gives thoughtful Genius birth.

Genius is nursed in solitude : the mind,
Turned inward on itself, intently draws,
From close observance of thought's inmost laws,
The nature, structure, wants of human kind.
Here first wakes Genius, — offspring rare, combined
Of head and heart, of thought that overawes,
With deep intensest feeling closely joined.

Hence truths unborrowed, thoughts in words once breathed,
That glow with life, to latest time bequeathed.
Drawn from this centre of enduring thought,
Flow streams perennial : hence hath beauty, fraught
With living lustre, round young genius wreathed
Her lasting laurels, wide as land and main,
Monarch unquestioned, over all to reign.

IMITATION.

True to the jingling of our leader's bells. COWPER.

Genius draws truth from nature : her impress,
 Stamped on the page, transfers the living mind ;
 But Imitation still her forms would dress
 In mimickry of life ; for truth designed,
 Yet leaving truth alike and life behind.
 How few think for themselves ! the common class,
 On novelty intent, with nothing new,
 Where custom leads, the beaten track pursue,
 There only following where all others pass.
 What are the books we read, the nameless mass ?
 Mere show, not substance ; forms, in shape and hue
 Grotesque, fantastic, seen in folly's glass,
 Copies of copies, shadows of a shade,
 By each transmission still more worthless made.

MORAL TRUTH.

I.

Wherfore burns
 In mortal bosom this unquenched hope,
 That breathes, from day to day, sublimer things,
 And mocks possession ? AKENSIDE.

In Moral Truths alone man's nature finds
 His highest powers' developement : these ask
 His utmost stretch, to compass their high task,
 And reach in, virtuous action, all that binds,

In firm yet gentle bonds, the noblest minds ;
 The sense of duty, honor, moral right,
 And virtue's generous aim, the soul's proud flight
 Highest to heaven. Yet lured, by folly's train,
 From wisdom's paths, to wander mid the night
 Of error's maze, man sinks, subdued by pain,
 By want, remorse, by sorrow's sudden blight :
 Then turns, so disciplined, his thoughts again
 To truer knowledge, eager to attain
 The living radiance of unborrowed light.

II.

With Meekness of Wisdom. ST. JAMES.

The prophet stood on Horeb ; and the force
 Of mighty winds swept by him in their course :
 God was not in the wind. Ere long their came
 A power volcanic, bursting from the source
 Of central fires, that shook earth's solid frame :
 God was not in the earthquake, or the flame.
 Next fell, on the veiled prophet's awe struck ear,
 A still small voice, in accents mild as clear,
 And God was there. His ways are still the same ;
 In gentle whispers, to wise hearts that hear,
 Truth speaks, else mute ; her voice is seldom found
 Where noise, and wrath, and turbulence abound.
 Inferior powers are boisterous ; Truth alone
 Victorious without violence is known.

D U T Y.

I asked of mine own heart, if it were so ?
 And, as he said, the living instinct there
 Answered, and owned the truth. SOUTHEY.

It OUGHT to be — The world's wide circuit round,
 No tongue exists, no language of mankind,
 Ancient or modern, savage or refined,
 Wherein this thought exists not. How profound
 The sense of right and moral duty found
 In this brief phrase, It SHOULD be done ! The mind
 Feels here the strongest motive that can bind
 The Will to moral action, — else unbound,
 And free to move, as fancy leads the way,
 As passion prompts, or selfish interests sway.
 Not so with Duty : she, as in a tower
 Of strength impregnable, above the play
 Of adverse passions, knows but to obey
 The voice of Conscience and the Moral Power.

C O N S C I E N C E.

I.

And I will place within them, as a guide,
 My umpire Conscience. MILTON.

Of man's mixed nature an essential part
 Is Conscience, seated in the human heart,
 Life to direct, and over all preside.
 Good to the virtuous, to the evil pain,

Is hers to give, who never gives in vain.

In error's paths, when mortals wander wide,
Her voice corrective calls their steps again

To virtue back. Tis passion that misleads
The native rectitude of human thought,
Else seldom erring. In God's image wrought,
And fashioned to his will, man's thoughts and deeds,
Though weak and wavering oft, are virtuous still,
If duty sway, and conscience rule the will :
Nor other guide he needs, so ruled and taught.

II.

Life of our life, our monitor and judge. SOUTHEY.

Conscience is Thought and Feeling, fused entire :
Thought, piercing, clear of sight, discerning sure
The true from false ; and Feeling, earnest, pure,
By selfish aim unmoved, and low desire ;
The union just of man's whole moral frame,
Harmonious mingling here, like fire and flame ;
Bright as the flame, and warming like the fire.
Reason is cold, till passion touch the pile,
And thought explodes in action : rank and file
To range the thoughts, in forms of seemly art,
Is reason's task ; but in the heart reside
The springs of action : be it then thy part,
So to direct the issues of the heart,
That virtuous feeling may be still thy guide.

III.

This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
Who shall divide ? The God within the mind.

POPE.

The right of conscience over human minds
Is paramount and sovereign : had she power,
As she has right, the world would be her dower :
But strength too oft is wanting : Interest blinds,
Hope's meteors dazzle, Sophistry refines,
And Passion urges with impetuous sway,
Till Conscience, overborne, at times gives way :
Yet rallying soon, she ne'er the strife resigns,
But, in the moment of their triumph, flings,
Like barbed arrows on her foes infixed,
Remorse and Guilt's immedicable stings.
Hope may be theirs, with guilty terrors mixed,
And impious joys ; but peace is never known,
Till right returns, and conscience rules alone.

IV.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

POPE.

Yet was not Conscience given to scourge mankind :
Her noblest office is when man attains
The height of strenuous duty ; and thence gains
That crown of glory, which the virtuous find

In her approving smile. Life's sharpest pains
 Pass soon, if in the tented wound remains
 No sting of evil thought, to goad the mind :
 Else will its venom gangrene to the core,
 Fester, and self-inflamed, and burning more,
 The longer borne. Guilt's scorching pain
 Nor charm can soothe, nor anodyne allay :
 Roused once to strife, it never sleeps again,
 Till Conscience re-asserts her rightful reign,
 And life reformed takes fear with guilt away.

V I R T U E.

I.

O fool and hypocrite ! that seek'st to hide
 From man, from God ! what yet thine evil heart,
 No, not one hour, e'en from itself can veil,
 Thy false and hollow seeming !

Heaven's grace in vain by outward act is sought :
 The smoke of sacrifices cannot blind,
 Nor rich oblations move th' all seeing mind :
 'Tis honest purpose, following earnest thought,
 Habitual virtue, into action wrought,
 That wins his favour ; offerings else are vain,
 Penance, or prayer, his favour to obtain.
 Semblance of worth, profession, the mock phrase
 Of false lip service, these may wonder raise,
 In men, short sighted, and their plaudit gain ;
 But HE whose eyes the inmost feelings scan,
 Turns with contempt, in pity from such sight.
 With him, 'tis truth alone, and conscious right,
 Virtue, and worth, that sanctify the man.

II.

For not in humble, nor in brief delights,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,
 Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
 The soul can find contentment. AKENSIDE.

That is not virtue, to which fear inclines,
 Or hope of the reward : the fear of hell,
 The hope of heaven, in mortal breasts may dwell,
 As motives suited to imperfect minds ;
 But love of virtue, when her seat she finds
 In manly hearts, will selfish aims repel,
 And sordid fears ; till rising to the height
 Of justice, duty, innate sense of right,
 No meaner powers the free born soul can quell.
 Self sinks abashed, and coward fears take flight,
 At virtue's call ; while generous thoughts impel
 To noblest deeds, that do themselves requite,
 Nor other guerdon asks ; proud to regard
 Life's sternest duty as its best reward.

K N O W L E D G E.

Fortune may frown, and fickle friends depart,
 But truth remains, and knowledge cheers the heart.

Though rough the entrance, and the guide austere,
 Thy paths, O Knowledge ! have been still to me
 The paths of pleasantness and peace : not free
 From toilsome march, and prospects wild and drear,

Which time alone could soften and endear ;
 Yet crowned with blossoms, on each spreading tree,
 In promise fair of produce yet to be,
 Rich fruits maturing with each changeful year.
 Knowledge and Virtue, children of one birth,
 Are trained to wisdom in the school of truth :
 The seeds of knowledge, scattered wide o'er earth,
 Strike deep their roots in soil of opening youth ;
 And fair, in recompense of early toil,
 The harvests yielded by that generous soil.

M Y C H U M.

I.

What tragic tears be-dim the eye,
 What deaths we suffer ere we die !
 Our broken friendships we deplore,
 And loves of youth that are no more. LOGAN.

How strong, in early life, is friendship's claim !

Ere age has taught disgust, or boding fear
 Finds in each friend a dreaded rival near :
 Not love himself can warmer wishes frame,
 Or wake, in later years, a purer flame.

Friend of my youth ! whom fondest thoughts endear,
 For thee first felt, while life and love beat here,
 Needs must this heart, at friendship's sacred name,
 To thee revert ; and o'er thy lonely urn,
 Mourn joys departed, never to return.

Unlike our tempers, and the course we held,
 At times, e'en adverse ; yet was union wrought,
 By fondest sympathy of tender thought,
 That pleasure heightened, and each grief dispelled.

II.

The flint lies useless, till the smitten steel
 Strikes forth its fire : so slumbers oft the mind,
 Till startled into life, by sudden jar
 Of adverse minds, — adverse, but not unfriendly.

Four years we roomed together, we alone
 Of all our class so mated ; three before
 Had known each other ; schooled in classic lore
 On the same bench, our inmost thoughts had grown
 From youth familiar, loved as soon as known :
 Nor e'er came coldness friendship's ties to rend ;
 Though differing wide, in temper as in tone,
 Each cherished, to the last, his early friend.
 'Twas passion, true as love, and warm as youth ;
 Yet mixed, like love, with humours, such as urge
 Young earnest hearts, when ardent feelings verge
 On sudden wrath ; but each, intent on truth,
 Saw soon his error, and rejoiced to feel
 New love rekindled by excited zeal.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS.

A sage anatomist, and skilled to trace,
 In nerve and tissue, pale disease and death,
 And needful aid supply ; yet none the less
 With gentler thoughts conversant, and alive
 To love's warm charities, and friendship's call.

Our mutual vows, at youthful friendship's shrine,
 Were warm with generous faith. Would I could give
 To lasting verse, emotions that still live.
 In few, but cherished hearts ; Hayward ! in thine,

Which knows nor sudden change, nor slow decline ;
But, true to friendship's claim, can still bestow,
As erst, its wonted kindness. Words are faint
The deep devotion of true hearts to paint,
When youth, still confident, disdains to throw
One glance of caution on the world below ;
Nor deems that sordid interest e'er can taint
The liberal heart, or chill, with selfish fear,
Love's fervid glow, to youthful bosoms dear ;
Though free, unchanged, and firm without constraint.

THE FAREWELL.

Now go your way, ye gallant company !
God and good Angels guard ye as ye go ! SOUTHEY.

Classmates, adieu ! the race is run,
The promised bounds at length appear :
And be the prize or lost or won,
This day must close our brief career ;
Must close, too soon, our sojourn here,
And turn our stranger steps aside,
From Harvard's walls to wander wide.

The waves of time roll fast away,
O'er which our parting barks must glide ;
Aloft our gallant streamers play,
And we who here, long side by side,
Have fearless stood, in generous pride
Of mutual aid, alone, henceforth,
Must bide our doom, and prove our worth.

The world asserts on us its claim,
On us, its burden now would lay,
Burden and blessing, toil and fame :
While him, who shuns the onward way,
From idle fear, or cold delay,
Disgrace awaits ; and want shall tend
The laggard to his journey's end.

Then plunge amid the eager crowd,
The thronged array of busy life ;
Confront the bold, abase the proud,
Nor shrink from scenes with danger rife,
Where honour crowns the manly strife :
Deal but your blows with skill and strength,
The world will own your power at length.

Undaunted in a world of wrong,
Virtue her steady course can hold :
Though Vice be armed, and Folly strong,
Their power, by higher power controlled,
Shrinks from the manly and the bold,
From those who win their fearless way,
Above the crowd's ignoble sway.

As well ye might young eagles tame,
When soaring from the parent nest,
With untired wing, and eye of flame,
As bid us here in quiet rest :
Our new fledged hopes, to flight addrest,
Flutter impatient in the air,
The joys untried of life to share.

Rude winds, perchance, may drive, at last,
Our baffled flight for shelter back ;
But now, we heed nor threatening blast,
Nor lowering tempest's angry rack :
There's none so weak, of spirit slack,
No craven soul, no idler here,
Who shrinks from toil, or quails at fear.

The time may come, when faint and few,
We too shall tremble on the verge,
Should youth's bright visions prove untrue,
And hope lie whelmed beneath the surge :
But now, not now, such terrors urge ;
Our onward course is upward still,
Above the blight of earth-born ill.

If thoughts of sudden sadness rise,
To shade with gloom this parting hour ;
If tears, unbidden, fill our eyes,
'Tis but affection's genial shower :
And though awhile such cloud may lower,
Its rainbow hues, around us cast,
Shine clear above the parting blast.

Then friends ! farewell. If ne'er again
We meet on earth, when sundered here,
Yet oft, from many a distant plain,
Our thoughts shall turn, through life's career,
To watch, well pleased, each classmate dear,
His sorrows soothe, his worth make known,
And deem his triumphs all our own.

Few be those sorrows ; clear and bright
The paths of triumph that ye tread ;
Manly your aim, as bold your flight,
While happy stars serenely shed
Selectest influence on each head ;
And, e'en in hours of darkest fate,
May hope o'er all predominate.

THE DEPARTURE.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1809.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been ;
A word which makes us linger, — yet, — farewell !
BYRON.

And must I leave, in truth, thy classic halls,
My Alma Mater ! thy parental care,
So soon forego ? Fain would I breathe thine air,
Still in these groves ; but other duty calls :
The hour is come, and lo ! the curtain falls
On life's prime act. The steed, that must convey
Thy lingering son, to distant scenes away,
Stands harnessed at the gate ; he champs the bit,
Throws high his bridled head, with frequent neigh,
And paws, impatient of his lord's delay ;
Nor longer now the adverse fates permit.
Then farewell, Harvard ! — whereso'er I stray,
Thy spirit be my guide, enlightened, free,
True nurse of virtue, knowledge, liberty !

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1836.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away ?
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day.

MOORE.

Among the thousands I was one,
A son of Harvard, on the day,
When twice an hundred years had run,
Who thronged her festival array.
No signs of age, or time's decay,
Saddened her brow ; but in their stead,
A youthful glow, mild virtue's ray,
Her venerable face with joy o'erspread.

Unchanged, like star, or ocean still,
That pours its rays, or waves, as bright,
As pure, as when the shore, and hill,
Felt first the flood, and hailed the light ;
A morn, with no preceding night ;
A sun, that into perfect day
Soars upward, with resistless might,
To roll the mental darkness far away.

Ye lofty domes, ye ancient halls !
Learning's secure and calm retreat,
Glad I revisit your loved walls,
The muse's home, fair virtue's seat ;

Where oft my youth, in converse meet
Of kindred souls, the fountains sought
 Of knowledge pure, communion sweet,
In happy interchange of lasting thought.

How high our young ambition soared !
 Knowledge acquired, and deathless fame,
The paths of science wide explored,
 Riches, and power attained, a name,
 Beloved as honored, and a frame
Where health with manly beauty joined ;
 Such lofty hopes we dared proclaim,
Nor seemed they weak or vain to youth's fond mind.

Alas how changed ! how swift the flight
 Of trackless time, — since thirty years
Have vanished, like a star by night,
 That sparkles, shoots, and disappears.
 The dreams of youth, its hopes, its fears,
Its fancied joys, and triumphs rise,
 Are gone ; nor more such prospect cheers
The stern realities of later life.

Yet manhood, and approaching age
 Have joys that sooth, and hopes that soar,
Though softened by reflection sage,
 And sobered by experience more.
 If now the aims that roused of yore,
In reason's eye vain dreams appear,
 Fancy can still their forms restore,
In hues of youth to grateful memory dear.

But hopes, that firmer grasp their hold,
And nobler thoughts to age belong :
High thoughts, that ripening years unfold,
And cherished hopes, by time made strong :
And, Harvard ! here amidst the throng,
The humblest votary in thy train,
I feel, while swells the parting song,
Thy spirit hath not touched my heart in vain.

'Tis not in vain that now I breathe
Thy classic air amid these glades ;
That here, these sacred groves beneath,
Thy spirit all my soul invades.
'Tis night — but night in vain her shades
Spreads round us here ; these ancient halls
The genius of the spot pervades,
Bright as the rays that stream from yonder walls.

Radiant as now, with living light
Still, Harvard ! may thy glories shine :
Be virtue, honour, freedom, right,
And faith's pure dictates ever thine :
Draw still, from learning's richest mine,
Time's choicest treasure, knowledge, wrought
Laborious; at truth's inmost shrine,
By minds untrammelled, with deep wisdom fraught.

CONCLUSION.

TO THE READER.

" Is this too much ? stern critic ! say not so : "

This line of Byron, haply, may presage,
Reader ! thy thought, which prompts thee to bestow

 Harsh censure on the poet's luckless page.

Yet pardon, for his sake, th' unfinished strain ;

 To him this retrospect of early days

Hath pleasure given, unmixed with touch of pain.

 Forgive his raptures, then, who thus can gaze
On joys long past, till waning years forget
Their downward course, and life seems youthful yet.

 If tedious prove the strain, 'tis ended here :

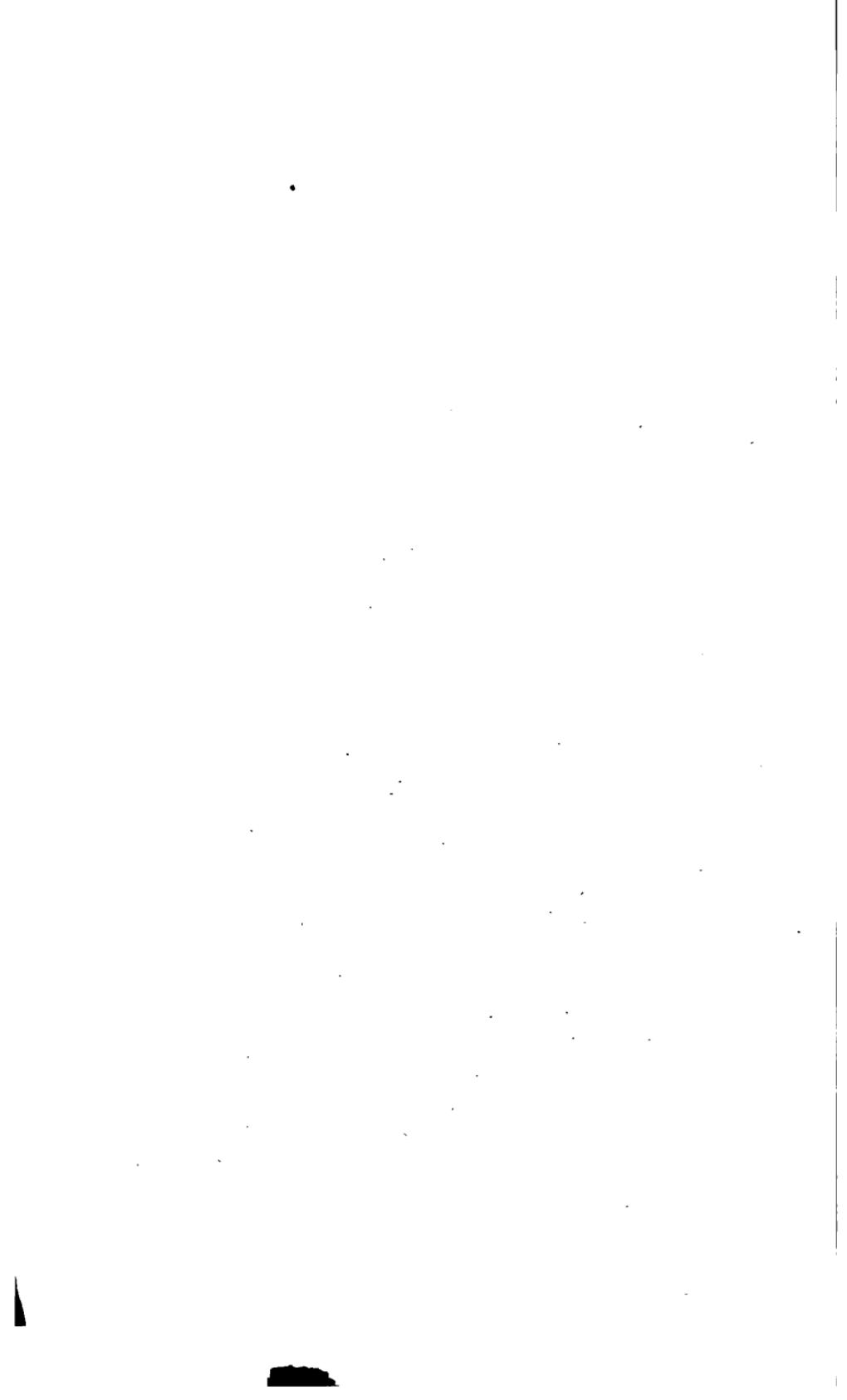
Or, kindlier bent, if further thou would'st go,

 New scenes of wider scope may yet appear,

 " If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe."

OTHER POEMS.

11*



O T H E R P O E M S.

K I N G P H I L I P.

We call them savage — O be just !
Their outraged feelings scan :
A voice comes forth, — 'tis from the dust —
The savage was a man. SPRAGUE.

ON Mount Hope, mid his council fires,
Stood Philip, by the aged oak ;
Surrounded by his chiefs and sires,
'Twas thus the indignant warrior spoke :

Ye messengers ! who here have borne
The white man's threatenings, — turn again,
And with you bear the Red Man's scorn,
The language of his proud disdain.

A feeble race your fathers came,
Driven, as ye said, abroad to roam ;
We nursed you, warmed you, at our flame,
And gave you on our shores a home.

Our choicest haunts on hill and plain,
The stream, the forest, wide and free,
We gave ; and bade you here remain,
On terms of frank equality.

We gave ; though you the deed disguised
With terms of sale, your pride to save ;
As if your paltry gifts you prized
Above the mighty boon we gave.

Like friends we held you, nay, far more,
Esteemed your race above our own ;
As if, descending on our shore,
The Gods in you their power made known.

And still ye came, like waves that run,
Before the storm, along the beach :
E'en now the flood seems scarce begun,
That soon above our hills may reach.

My simple faith, deceived with ease,
Was early caught, in falsehood's snare ;
Till all my study was to please
The white man, and his favour share.

'Twas therefore took I Christian name,
And in your foreign language spoke ;
That so I might, with less of shame,
Receive, at last, the Christian yoke.

Ye said that yoke would easy prove,
And told how light its burdens were ;
But I have tried your Christian love,
And know that yoke, how hard to bear.

In English faith and honour too,
E'n less of trust can I repose ;
I still have found you base, untrue,
Friends in your speech, in action foes.

Your God may stronger prove than mine,
And triumph to your arms secure ;
Yet in the Red man's God divine,
Who taught his warrior to endure.

The ills, he cannot shun, he knows,
With stern composure, to sustain ;
Unmoved amidst insulting foes,
Triumphant over mortal pain.

I know your strength, yet fear it not,
The thunder of your deadly arms,
The vollied blast, death-dealing shot,
Beyond the powa's subtlest charms.

Yet not for that will I forego
These pleasant hills, our forests fair,
The sea's wild waves, that roll below,
Our loved abodes, and native air.

Old ocean, beating at our feet,
As soon this Hill of Hope shall move,
As we resign our native seat,
Or yield to you the land we love.

The fount's pure crystal from yon cave,
That slaked, of yore, our father's thirst,
Would cease to roll its limpid wave,
Should we forsake their treasured dust.

This ancient oak, these moss-grown stones,
This cherished home of all our race —
We will not leave our father's bones,
Nor move them from their resting place.

Go then, and, in your council hall,
Repeat, that Philip yet is free ;
No more deceived, no more your thrall,
He strikes for Death or Liberty !

And if, through all your startled land,
The Redman's war-cry ring around ;
If thrown aloft, the blazing brand
Fall in the blood that stains your ground ;

Afar and near, if all must die,
The virgin pure, the tender wife,
If helpless age, if infancy
Must plead in vain for forfeit life ;

Remember, Philip never sought
The war, he fears not, nor desires :
On your own heads yourselves have brought
The death blow, and avenging fires.

And soon those fires shall blaze on high :
To rouse our tribes, from south to north,
My wampum belts, of raven die
And blood red beads, have travelled forth.

And answering to our just appeal,
Their fires are lit, their war notes sung ;
With hearts, that all your insults feel,
And nerves for vengeance strung.

The strife is mortal : henceforth vain
Be thought of parley, truce, or peace ;
The Red Man conquers, or is slain,
He triumphs, or his race must cease.



He fears not : e'en should foul defeat
His steps pursue, and false friends fly,
Philip his last base foe will meet,
And Mount Hope see her warrior die.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Go, saddle my steed, said the brave cavalier,
Tis the voice of my country, it sounds in my ear,
It calls me to battle, o'er hills far away,
And thy Henry, dear Helen ! no longer may stay.

And must we then sever, said Helen the fair ;
The sun of our hopes, must it set in despair ?
Oh ! heed not the trumpet, and silence yon drum ;
It speaks not of glory, but horrors to come,

Of carnage and slaughter, and blood covered fields,
And the weeping of widows the music it yields :
Then heed not its temptings, but free from alarms,
Find glory in safety, and love in these arms.

Oh Helen, fair Helen, my love, he replied,
More lovely, more fair, as in danger more tried,
Can'st thou tempt me, unhappy ! my fame to forego,
That life of my love, from base dread of the foe ?

The summons to fight should I meanly withstand,
When the tempest of war hangs in blood o'er the land,
Could those arms of thy beauty encircle me then,
The scorn of the lovely, the outcast of men ?

Then go, she replied, since 'tis fortune's decree,
The leader of armies, the valiant, the free :
The fame of thy valour, it won me at first,
I cannot, I will not, to that be unjust.

The heart of the lovely beats high in its pride,
As her soft trembling hand belts the sword to his side.
Then go, she exclaimed, — and may glory still join
The laurel she wreaths, with the myrtle I twine.

The warrior hath gone to the field in his might,
For freedom, his country, her glory to fight ;
And the heart of fair Helen, in love still the same,
Now weeps o'er his absence, now joys in his fame.

From conquest returning, with glory surrounded,
The fame of that warrior afar hath resounded ;
But heartless and vain was the joy that he felt,
Till, joined at the altar, with Helen he knelt.

Toil, danger, suspense, were forgot in that hour,
Thy rainbow, O Hope ! spanned their love lighted bower ;
The fever of glory by love was beguiled,
And Henry was happy, if Helen but smiled.

THE COQUETTE DISTRESSED.

My lovers all tell me I'm handsome and gay,
They flatter my beauty, which soon will decay,
They talk of my charms, of their love, and their strife,
But none ever told me he wanted a wife !

I play, and they praise me ; I sing, and they cry
How charming her voice ! how bewitching her sigh !
I join in the dance, they exclaim, how divine !
But none never asked me in marriage to join.

I need but appear on the plain, and they swear
No form is so perfect, no maiden so fair ;
I'm followed and flattered, wherever I fly,
Yet single I live, and ah ! single must die.

Oh would that this weary flirtation might end ;
With lovers in plenty, yet never a friend,
My heart, like the shadow that follows the sun,
Seeks each in its turn, but rests steady on none.

Youth, beauty, enjoyment not always will stay,
My bright dawn of hope, it melts quickly away ;
Then oh ! ere its happy illusions are past,
May love fix my wide wandering wishes at last.

HENRY TO ELLEN.

I.

Tis still the same, 'twas so of yore,
True love and fortune ne'er combine :
Since then, alas ! we meet no more,
Farewell, dear maid ! no longer mine.

What though, at first, thy friends esteemed
Me, humbly born, no mate for thee ;
Yet by their license, as it seemed,
Early thy love was pledged to me.

From cold restraint and caution freed,
What either felt the other knew :
So well our secret thoughts agreed,
That love, true love, between us grew.

At first, scarcee felt, a gentle heat,
Which well such youthful hearts became,
It grew, with growing years, complete,
And shone in both an equal flame.

Happy, I cried, whom heaven ordains
Love's boundless wealth with thee to share ;
Thy smile shall recompense his pains,
Thy presence banish grief and care.

And then I deemed such fortune mine,
And blest the hours, to care unknown,

While gazing on that smile of thine,
And living in thy love alone.

But fate decrees that we should part ;
Yet still in kindness let it be :
Thou wilt not find a truer heart,
Nor I seek other love than thee.

Then oh ! farewell ! I would not shade
Thy coming bliss, with my dark fate ;
Nor ask thy thoughts to share, dear maid !
The griefs that on my wanderings wait.

When death shall calm this throbbing breast,
(Glad would I now his terrors brave,)
Thou wilt not scorn my lowly rest,
But shed one tear above my grave.

One tender tear, still fondly true
To youthful loves, in days of yore,
To blighted hopes and sorrows due ;
Then turn, and think of me no more.

H E N R Y.

II.

Oh ! ask not the cause why so oft I retire,
If, secret, I weep o'er the days that are past ;
You see me now cheerful, then do not require
That joys like the present forever should last.

When others are happy, I join in their mirth,
 I feel that their pleasure gives pleasure to me ;
 But further than this, I expect not, on earth,
 Nor hope, like the past, that the future will be.

For he that has once loved can ne'er love again ;
 The face may, at times, with a smile be o'erspread,
 The wound may be closed, but the scar will remain,
 And the heart in the midst of its pleasures lie dead.

Then blame not the sadness that sometimes is seen,
 In moments of mirth, o'er my features to steal ;
 Full soon will it pass, and my brow grow serene,
 The smile will return, and my heart cease to feel.

E L L E N.

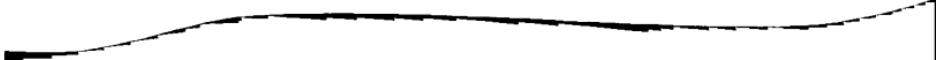
III.

Shade of my Henry ! hast thou gone,
 And left thy loved one here alone.
 Ah ! when that fatal parting past,
 I little deemed 'twould prove our last.
 We parted — thou o'er ocean borne,
 And I to weep till thy return —
 Till thy return ! in vain, alas,
 I chide the hours that slowly pass,
 And fondly hope these arms, once more,
 May clasp thee, on thy native shore —

Never, — unless in dreams, by night,
Thy form should come, to cheat my sight,
And in thy watery shroud repair
From ocean's caves to realms of air.

Yet come not so ; I could not brook
One moment on that form to look ;
That livid cheek, and pallid brow,
Oh ! I could not endure it now.
But come, as when, in warmth of youth,
We pledged our mutual love and truth ;
And vowed, by all that lovers prize,
Time ne'er should break those tender ties ;
And life itself should sooner part,
Than each loved image from the heart.
Then come once more ; and, for a while,
Thy presence shall my tears beguile ;
And, in my joy, I may forget
Tis but a dream, and clasp thee yet.

The world's neglect, that bore thee down,
Ne'er drew from me one angry frown ;
And when o'erlooked by all beside,
Thou wert my hope, my joy, my pride.
 Howe'er unworthy in their view,
To me thou still wert kind and true ;
And I will to thy memory be
As kind and true as thou to me ;
For to the last, 'gainst others' will,
I loved thee, and I love thee still.



Not sooner winter chills are fled ;
Or, if at times unfelt, we dread
Their quick return ; nor safe repose,
Till June unfolds the blushing rose,
And leads, once more, his feathery loves,
To warble in the new clad groves ;
Or pauses, mid the flowers, to see
The humming bird, and honey bee,
And scent the garden's rich delight,
From lilac, and from hawthorn white,
From fleur de lis, and daffadil,
And fragrant currant's yellow bell ;
While flowering almonds clustering twine
With snow-ball, and with columbine,
Mid honeysuckle's rich perfume;
And gaudy tulip's varied bloom.

Such opening flowers and foliage green,
To me make spring, whenever seen ;
The only spring, 'twixt winter's snows,
And summer's heat, our climate knows :
All else is bleak December's sway,
Though cradled in the lap of May.
Then welcome be the flowery June,
Though slow to come, and passing soon :
Though slow to come, yet scattering wide
His bounties free, on every side ;
Though parting soon, yet blithe of cheer,
The sweetest month in all the year.

CONJUNCTION OF VENUS

WITH THE MOON.

Turn to the heavens thy gaze, where yonder star
Hangs, gem-like, on the moon's pale crest : the brow
Of lone Diana beams with sparkles now
Of Cytherea's flame. Above the jar
Of earth-born jealousies, they haste afar,
The immortal sisters, oft as fates allow,
To meet, and mingle rays. Wide o'er the plain
They roam, rejoicing, yet return again,
From boundless ether ; drawn by gentle vow
Of sisterly endearment, to renew
This union fair, to tender feeling due.
Talk not, misjudging ! of mechanic laws
That guide the stars ; 'tis nobler impulse draws
Those happy orbs, to love's attraction true.

THE RED OAK.

I.

The early poets fondly deemed the ~~oak~~ dwelt
A hamadryad in each glorious tree ;
And who, that loves the forest, has not felt
How meet such living dwelling-place would be

For spirit, lulled by zephyrs, as they past,
Or roused to transport by the roaring blast.

Behold yon lofty oak, beside whose base
Our puny height seems dwindled to a span !
And were it not, in this frail bodied man

A spirit dwells, which widest space
Can ne'er confine, nor thought its movements trace,
This oak were fashioned on a nobler plan,
And fairer formed, than aught that eye could scan
Of outward grandeur in the human race.

II.

Calm rising, mid the flow of ages past,
What generations of the world around
This tree hath witnessed, growing mid the sound
Of earthly passions,— joys that would not last,
And griefs that seemed eternal, yet have cast
No lasting shade. Here, on this rising ground,
Alone, with no obscuring height between,
It towers sublime, from neighbouring hamlets seen,
A land-mark wide ! its shapely column crowned
With graceful coronet of living green.
Pause then, O generous axman ! nor o'erthrow
This glory of the grove : so may the flight
Of years fall gently on thee ; nor the blight
Of death untimely lay thy branches low !



N O T E S.

THE ABBOT JUBILEE, p. 47.

THESE lines were written for the Festival given in honour of my old Preceptor, Benjamin Abbot, L.L. D., on his retirement from the Phillips Exeter Academy, after a service, in that institution, of fifty years. This meeting, which was attended by some of the first scholars and statesmen of New-England, will long be remembered, by those present, as a happy union of social feeling and intellectual enjoyment.

CONTEMPLATION I, p. 57.

The author is aware that the names of his classmates, which occur in this and other poems, will be, to most of his readers, little more than unmeaning expletives; since, with two exceptions, they are the names of persons who died young, and unknown to fame. To the author they stood in a different, and more interesting relation. In the most susceptible period of life, they were efficient agents in the developement of both his social feelings and his mental powers. In looking back to the past, he finds, in the remembrance of their virtues, inspiration for his present undertaking, which he might not otherwise have felt.

In pursuance of the author's general design of exhibiting, not imaginary scenes, but the thoughts and feelings excited by real occurrences, he could not well avoid mentioning some, at least, of the friends with whom he was most intimate. As several of these died, soon after leaving College, he has avoided the indecorum of introducing, even for the purpose of praise, the names of persons, whose feelings might be hurt, by such unauthorised intrusion on their privacy. There are among his College associates others, still living, with whom, under different circumstances, he would have been happy to connect his name, in these pages.

CONTEMPLATION II, p. 58.

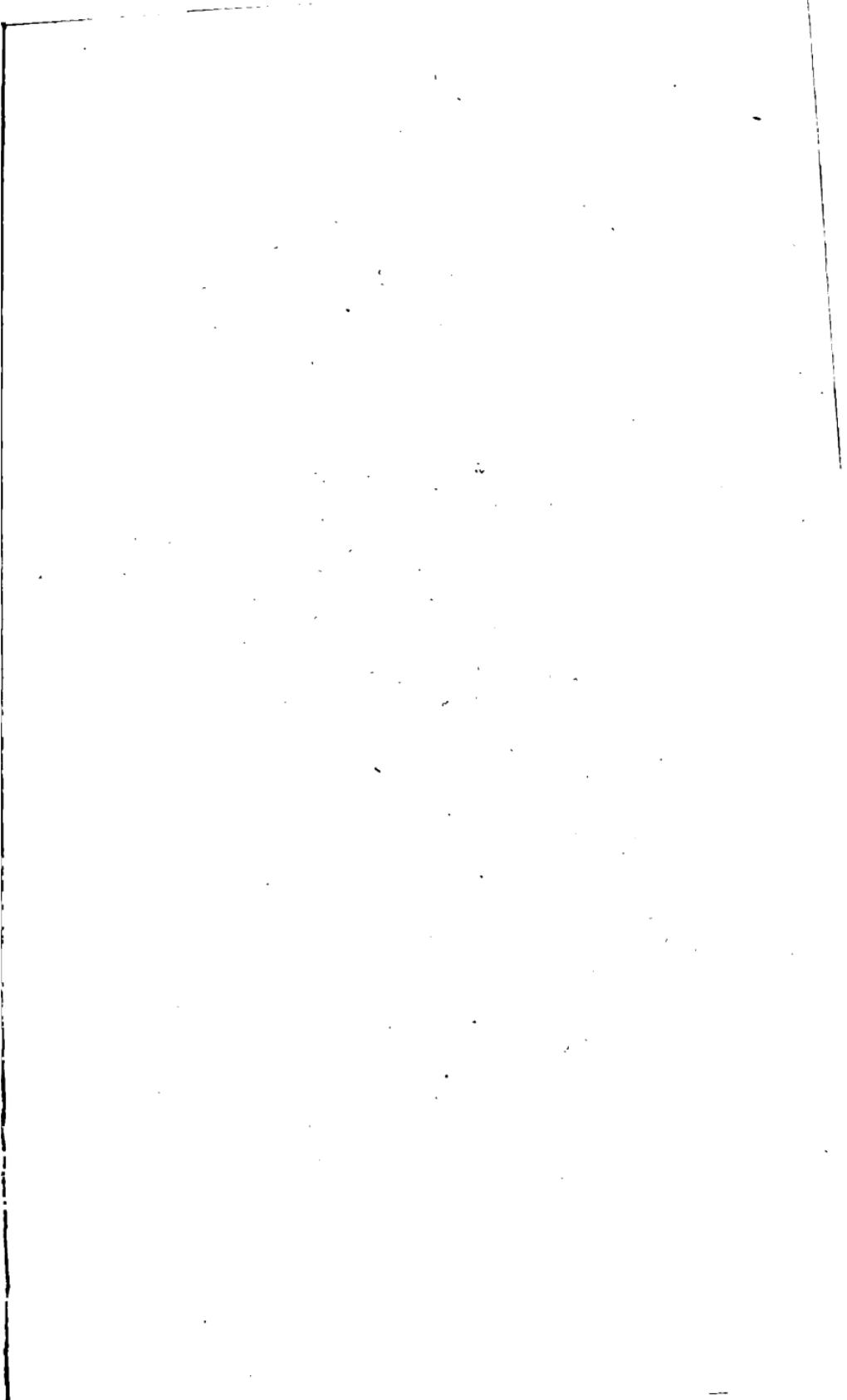
Ichabod Nichols and John Farrar were the author's instructors in Geometry and Mathematics ; and, if he derived little benefit from their labors, it was no fault of theirs, but wholly of their pupil. They have since become extensively known by their writings — Professor Farrar in his own department of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Dr. Nichols in Theology.

THE BIRTH OF TRUTH, p. 104.

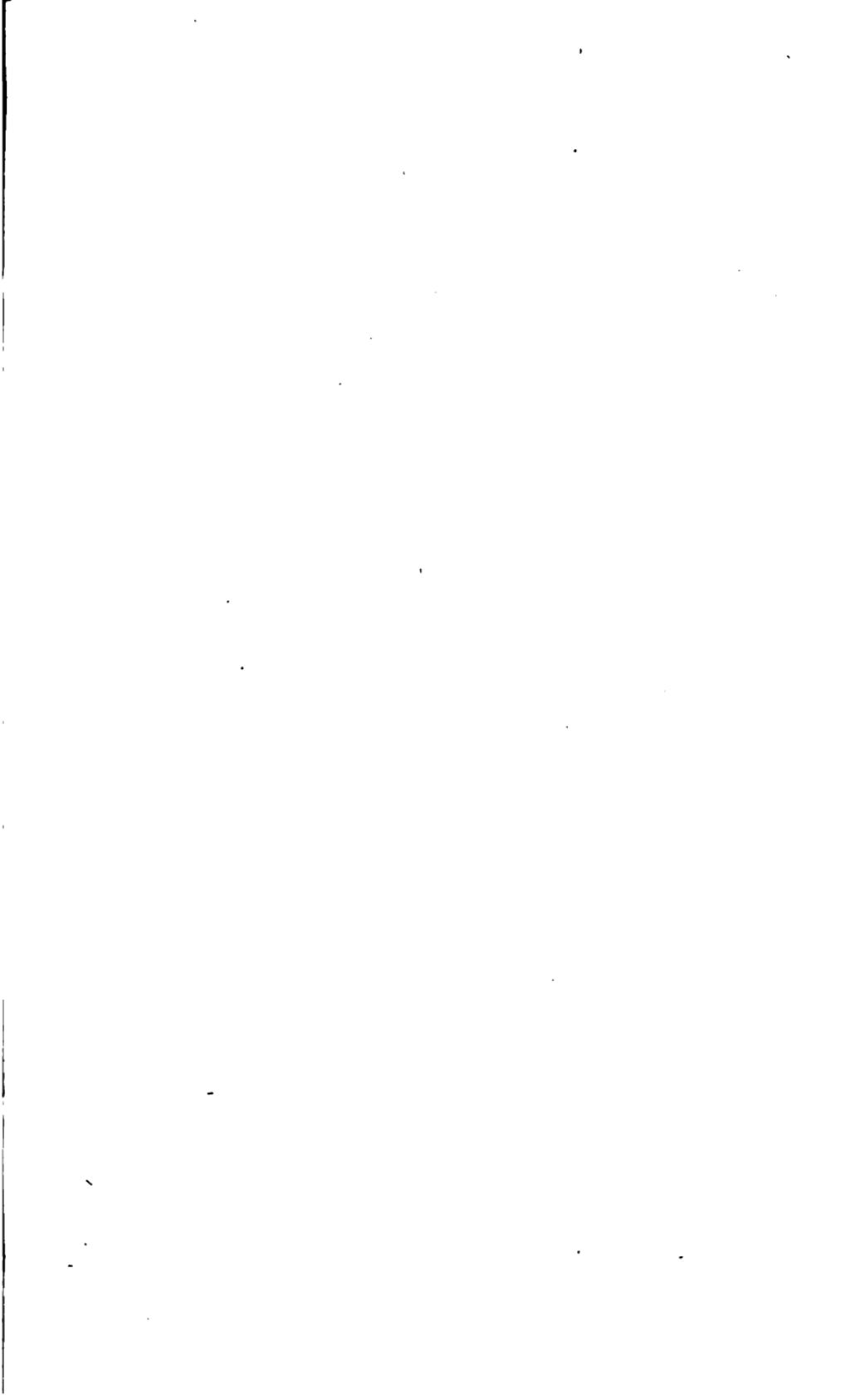
These lines were suggested by the following characteristic, but somewhat coarse passage of Milton. "Truth is as impossible to be soiled, by any outward touch, as the sun beam. Though this ill hap wait on her nativity, that she never comes into the world, but, like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth : till time, the midwife rather than the mother of truth, have washed and salted the infant, declared her legitimate, and churched the father of his young Minerva, from the needless causes of his purgation."

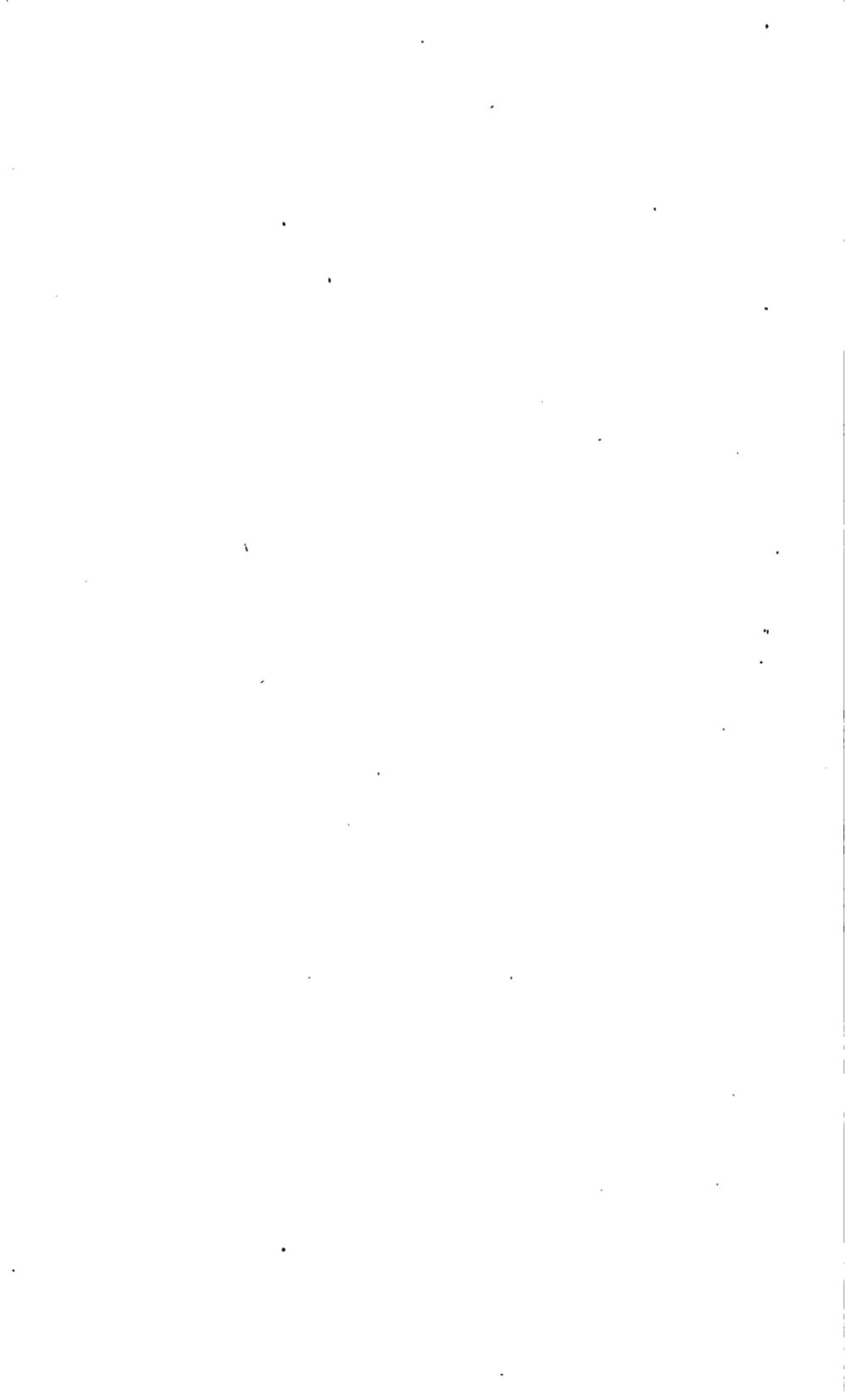
THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, p. 121.

This piece, though standing so near the close, was among the first written of this collection, which grew, in a great measure, out of the author's thoughts and feelings, on that interesting occasion. Many persons met, at that celebration, who had not seen each other before, since they left College ; and the contrast between the boy of 1809, and the man of 1836 was, in some cases, sufficiently striking. But the pain of perceiving that they were no longer young, was soon lost in more pleasing recollections.



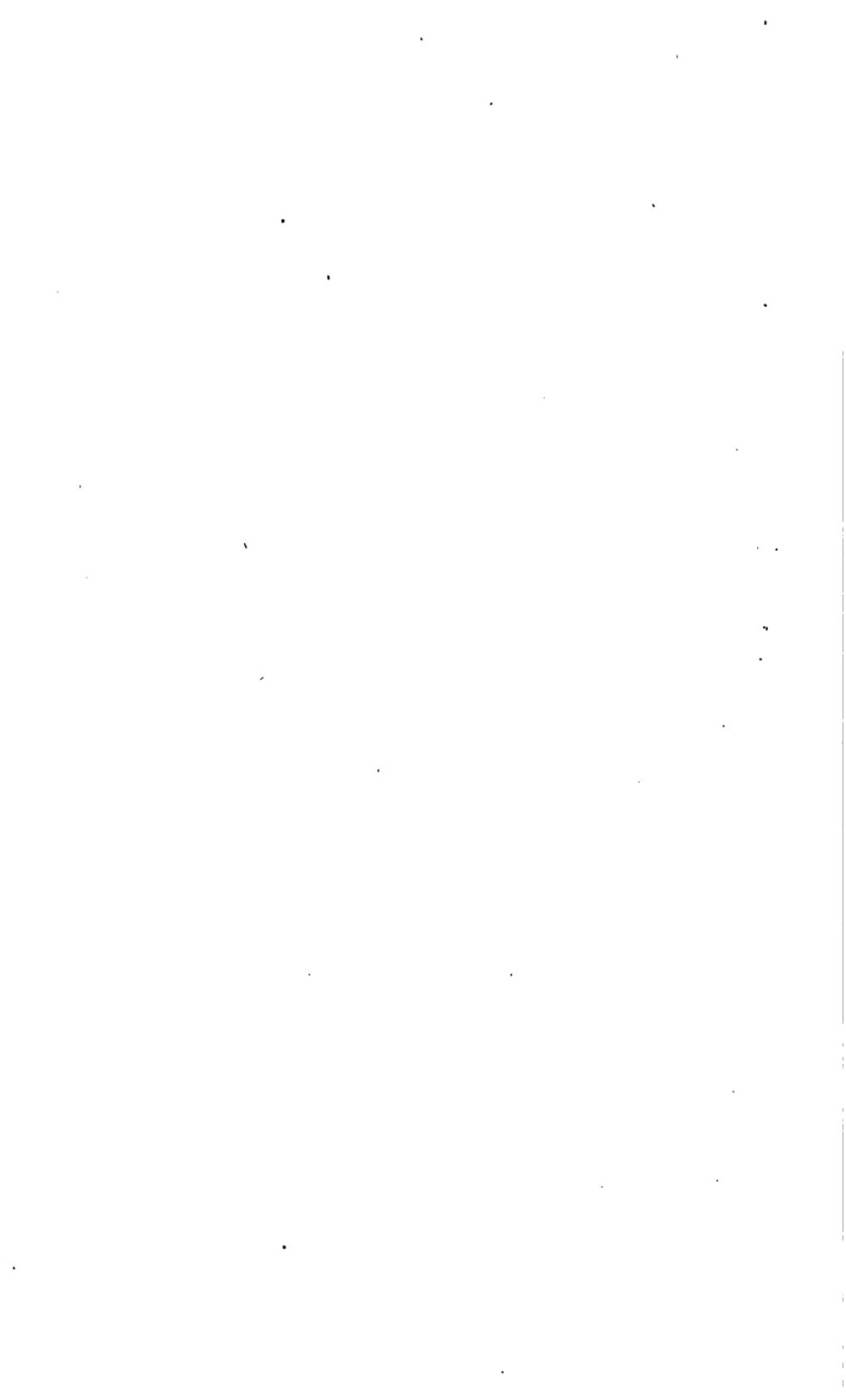








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